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Original Poetry.

TO ONE IN HEAVEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY M. SHIVELEY.

Angelic Sarah! on whose brow
A fadeless crown now brightly beams;
Who art in Heaven, where happy souls low
To Him whose sacred glory gleams
Throughout thy home—nay, thinkest thou
Of one who shared thy bright—I know?

Of earthly bliss, when thou wert young,
And lonely as the summer rose,
Whose sweet perfume is bestowed long
On every summer wind that blows?
Or think'st thou not of joys which sing
Around thy heart, are sweet repose

In thy one real home of rest,
Far from Earth's sorrows, there shalt find?
Say, am I still so dearly blest
By thy pure love, so true and kind,
As when I fondest kisses press'd
Upon thy brow, and down'd thy mind

Was all vain for thee a deathless name
Which man would honor and revere?
Vain dream! Too soon Death's message came,
And call'd thee to another sphere!
And yet, what mattera it that Fame
Roll'd her thunders o'er thy bier?

THOU ART IN HEAVEN! I ask again
If in thy mind a place I fill;
And oh, I fear not still in vain—
For such is God's peculiar will,
That we may dress those who leave us
Their flight to Heav'n are near us still.

It awells my heart, to dream that thou
Dost love me fondly, truly yet;
And, on pinions bright, o'er now
Thou hov'rest o'er me. But regret
Mix not—fancy'd my leaving thee.
When I have thought thee couldst forget
Wright's Mills, Va.

TO MARGARETTA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. HEMPTHILL.

Thy heart is with the Southern breeze,
The dreaming Indian clime,
Beneath the shadow of the palm,
The citron and the lime.

Thy heart is not amid the halls
Where fools of fashion revel;
Fresh nourished by Love's gentle winds,
In sunshine and in dew

Thy heart is where sun and groves
By sunny rivers wave;
And where there ne'er death their beauty
In liquid sunlight lave.

The dove when bound by ruthless hands
Upon southern shore
Turning her sad, mournful, yet unwilling head,
Looks back to her native home with
Whispering fondness ever more.

Dost thou thus, Margaretta, turn
To where the bathed dart,
Flies to the hidden brake;
At Love's deep flood the stricken heart
In burning thirst would slake.

Thy dreams are of the Summer Land,
The citron and the vine;
Thy heart is with the Southern breeze,
Old friend, old friend of mine!

Original Tales.

THE PRETTIEST AND THE PLAINEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. N. MCDONALD.

The pert little village of Allington—as, for certain good reasons of our own, we shall call it—in point of meeting modestly down among the hills, is small in the borders of some quiet stream, is perched upon a bold cliff overlooking the blue waters of the Hudson, somewhere between the cities of New York and Albany. So imaginitant have the geographers deemed it, as to give it no typographical celebrity; and therefore, that, lest our fair reader should be over the map in vain, for you will not find it "put down," either by Morse, Hart, or Mitchell, at least under its present name. Nevertheless, Allington hath a locality, and boasts within its narrow limits a church, an inn, a doctor's shop and a store, wherein Mr. Nathaniel Cummings, Esq., is the vender of teas and sugars, hats and umbrellas, tape and calicoes, and cambrics, and all other articles in the housekeeping or milliner line, with a spare corner for books and pamphlets, and a row of pigeon-holes for the mail, addressed to the residents of the mail, said Nathan scrupping also the responsible station of Post-Master in Allington, which office he has held for the benefit of political struggle, and under both Whig and Democratic administrations for the last ten years. Allington, too, has its history of events, and it would take a better ticket to a man almost, at the last election, but there is a certain female Aristocracy—spirits of the wives and daughters of mechanics, and farmers' Mrs. Mills, whose husband, Lawyer Mills, has lately built a tall, white, fanciful looking house with pillars in front, of the "real Grecian," builds her head a little higher than her neighbor. Mrs. Ford, whose dwelling is a low, square, substantial stone edifice, the very picture of plenty and prosperity in which Mrs. Watson, a rich widow with two daughters,—who are among the Allington toe by the way—plumes herself upon the taste and elegance of her gothic cottage, wonders how Mrs. Clark, the clergyman's wife, can content herself in that "rickety old parsonage," to have and use one of Nathan Cummings' tasteless affair as Mr. Mills establishment—containing himself with the reflection, that all chance travellers ask to whom that "sweet place" belongs, and that "Mrs. Watson" is the lady-patroness of all sewing-societies and fancy fairs.

But there is one house which,—although it now stands so quietly in the little garden of roses, and evening shrubs, without exciting the attention of anybody—once might have rivalled Mrs. Watson's cottage, such an object of interest was it to many of our villagers; for here lived Doctor Leeds, the young physician of Allington. Now the doctor had not always resided in the place, but some few years ago, or may be more, I think it is set, he came to settle among us, a staid old bachelor of five and-thirty, still young enough, and handsome enough, to turn the head of half the girls in the neighborhood, and yet willfully, sentiently resolved upon a life of single blessedness. The doctor did not depend upon his profession entirely for a support, as report whispered, but enjoyed a snug income, independent of his own exertions; and with scarcely a relative in the world, had come to spend the rest of his days amid the quiet of a country life. He purchased therefore, a pretty plot of ground, built a small but convenient dwelling, furnished it neatly, invited a superannuated old lady to act as his housekeeper, and became an Allingtonian forthwith.

Such an addition to our society could not fail, as you may suppose, of producing a sensation among the young people of Allington, the ladies particularly; and in less than a week from the time of his first visit, the doctor had been seen by most of them, while his name, profession, estalet, and intentions, were in the same brief space of time fully known. "Would he really come? Had the lot been actually purchased? and could he come to build immediately?" were questions more easily asked than answered; yet asked they were by Mrs. Ford of her neighbor, Mrs. Rhodes, and discussed at Mrs. Watson's tea-table; and, in short, every thing connected with the affair—from matters of village gossip, and the name of Doctor Leeds as familiar as a household word, before the poor man had quite decided upon the matter himself. The doctor however did build, and buy new furniture, and had the "sweetest" study, or library, or laboratory, or what ever it might be called, in the world; but, unfortunately, as was soon discovered, the doctor was not a visiting man, was in a professional way, and moreover, was especially shy of women-folk, occasioned, it was said, by a disappointment of the heart some years before. The miserable bachelor was therefore,—upon whom by-the-way, Mrs. Mills made a point of calling—seemed the only female to whom the establishment would be ever open, and long and vainly waited the Allington girls for that suspicious moment, when the doctor should place himself beneath the influence of their smiles. There was Mary Watson and Bella; and Effie Mills, who was pretty enough, and a fortune beside; and then, there was Lottie Ford, and her Cousin Lillian Shakspeare asks, "what's in a name?" and we reply, why a great deal, and any body who came to Allington, and saw Lottie Ford, could not help but regard a very, very plain looking woman, in stuff gown and calico apron, while on the other hand, the sophisticated Cousin Lillian," might have awaked a whole host of imaginary beauties: blue eyes, and alabaster skin, and rich auburn tresses, and soft, silvery laugh, and all the other charms of a goddess, rather than a farmer's daughter, and the eyes have ached, and the heart panted, for a sight of Lillian Ford.

But when Lillian stepped forth, how was the belabor disenchanted. The beautiful creation of his fancy, gave Lottie a share, very plain looking per son indeed, not in stiff gown and calico apron, it is true, but just thus—a young girl of nineteen summers, or thereabouts, with a profusion of glossy lady's "gage—not rather small figure; eyes which might be called grey; a pale complexion; a little turned up nose; and hair, like every other town one ashurn, nor golden, nor say thing but light, that was its description, light hair, closely knotted upon the back of the head, and simply parted on her forehead There stood Lillian Ford with nothing pretty about her except her name, and yet, when the eye of the gazer wandered off chilled and disappointed, there was still a something in that plain face which induced a second look, and then he discovered such a sweet expression of modesty and gentleness diffused over it, such a light from the purest, loveliest source within, that the eye fastened stood beside her cousin, he might almost have pronounced her "good looking." But Lottie was there, with her complexion, dark hazel eyes, nose and hair that fell in rich masses of chestnut curls upon her neck and shoulders, and who could compare with her? Whispered the fair sister to her confident, plain looking Cousin Lillian.

Lottie is the beauty of Allington, a title conceded to her by all, even the most envious, as undisputed, indisputable fact, and long ago might Lottie Ford have become the wife of something else, had she not scorned so lowers the humble gentry of her native village. Was she to settle down as the wife of one of those with whom she had trudged day after day during her childhood to the district school? No indeed! Jedidah Mills, and Nathan Cummings, and Will Watson, all well enough in their place in a way, but Lottie looked higher than these, and having steeled her heart against whatever was the result to gather like an apple from the lowest sphere at her own cold affections. But Doctor Leeds came, and Lottie began to fancy herself the wound and wife of a professional man. The delight of presiding over that new house and furniture, and over the bachelor physician himself, came very pleasantly to her imagination, as she talked to Lillian sometimes of how pleasant it would be if she were to marry the doctor, and have her cousin with them now and then, especially when the latter was on for making preserves and pickles. "You would like that Lillian, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly, but when will it be, I wonder," said Lillian, laughing.

"Oh, one of these days, such things seldom take forever to come."

"But we hear the poor man is a confirmed bachelor."

"I'm so we hear—but it does not at all follow that such is the case. Men often change their minds, you know," and Lottie glanced at the mirror, with its frame of shell, and quaint figures, that hung over the mantel piece, where her made no unwise a resolution,' and Lillian as she gazed upon her cousin, could not but admit that she was even "pretty," and that the old bachelors," might find themselves armor-proof against the beauty of Lottie Ford.

Despite the gossip and chatter of our village belle, and the repeated invitations of old Mr. Ford, the doctor came not. He went an improving his house and garden, setting out fruit trees, and planting grape vines, but only called professionally on any of his neighbors How vexatious it was that none of the Fords, young or old, happened to be ill that whole season, particularly as Mrs. Mills had a sick child, and the doctor was in attendance for three weeks—constantly, and saw Effie every day! For who was pretty enough to suit the taste of a plain man, and such the doctor professed himself to be. Then too, Mrs. Watson had the head-ache for a week, and Doctor Leeds was told what excellent cures for head-aches were, so quiet and composing, such good watchers at night, and so skilful on the preparation of broths and gruels; that really, it was a misfortune to be sick in the house of a man of such good qualities at hand—and Allington, too, had always been considered such a remarkably healthy place.

But by-and-bye trouble came upon the Fords, just as it had done upon their neighbors. Lottie, who had scarcely known a day's sickness in her life, was seized with nervous complaints, and after a little consultation between the old gentleman and his wife, Doctor Leeds was summoned.

How beautiful Lottie looked, as she lay upon her pillow, the rich curls escaping here and there from beneath the cap, and which contrasted so nervously, the tossing things, in spite of Mrs. Ford's constant endeavor to keep them back. "Such a pity that Lottie is sick! I wish you'd see her next to with your creek"—Mrs. Ford had but little eye for the picturesque or sentimental—"Indeed, child, it makes you look so pale to see her sick, and for the doctor to see." But Lottie, self-willed at all times, was particularly so this morning.

"No, no, let it be just as it is. I don't want my comb. Dear me, how my head aches. Do, Lilly, bathe it with something.

At this moment Doctor Leeds was introduced, and took the seat placed for him by Lillian at the bedside. How Lottie trembled, as he placed his hand upon her wrist, and the pulse mounted rapidly, beneath the pressure of his fingers. Not that Lottie had conceived a sudden or romantic affection for the young physician; such impulses formed no part of her character. But she had long ago resolved to captivate if possible, the man whom so many hoped to win; and now the moment had arrived, long wished and waited for, when he was placed beneath the magic influence of her beauty; a spell which Lottie well knew few men can resist.

But what said the doctor's pulse all this time? Cold, immovable, unmoved it appeared, did not this vision of loveliness make the blood course more swiftly through his veins? Was it can tell? His visit was a professional one, and professionally short, a few questions to Lottie—a direction to her mother—a written prescription—and the doctor was gone. What unsatisfactory people medical men are.

Lottie's disease was obstinate, and the doctor came again and again. Still, however, the pain continued. The side of her face and head were frightfully swollen. The remarkable luxuriance of her hair, and that they met as old friends; and he had moreover paid a visit at Mr. Ford's, without a professional summons, there was a little lifting up of the eye-brows, and shrugging of the shoulders, among those most interested in the matter. Mrs. Rhodes "guessed" that some one knew more better than pretty faces, and even hinted that "she knew all along, there was no chance for Lottie." While Mrs. Watson thought it "very strange" that Mrs. Rhodes should be in the doctor's confidence, of all people. Although she perfectly agreed with her friend, that Lottie Ford would never be successful, while there were any rich girls in Allington. Poor Lottie.

Yet Lillian, quiet and unobtrusive, with her soft voice and winning ways, was not after all so much to be entirely uninteresting in the young physician. In his visits among the poor—there were a few in Allington—Lillian was often his companion, and frequently met his ear, and always in connection with some act of kindness. The wife of a poor laborer had died, and Lillian had watched with her sick baby," and a palsied old woman, whose only daughter was ill with fever, soothed "Miss Lillian" would come and return in the morning, no matter to do things for sick folks, and her head wiser to think for them, and her heart more pitiful for the afflicted than myself, people," and so when the doctor heard the name of "Lillian," he looked up at the plain little maiden to whom it belonged, and then—why then his eye fell again on Lottie her cheek and languid eyes and shining tresses, and Lillian was forgotten. Yet how could it be otherwise? Even Lillian herself had felt the charm of her cousin's beauty, and accustomed to give precedence to her in opinion on every thing, it was no matter of surprise to her, that where Lottie was she should be sensitived.

But the doctor, despite the charms of his patient, had gazed upon her, only as on some exquisite picture, untouched by any softer feeling. Years before—when Barry Leeds was young, eccentric and in a vision of beauty, such as this, had dazzled upon him, and the heart of the student, ardent and enthusiastic, had yielded to its influence. Loving with passionate devotedness, as the young ever love, he dreamed not of change. And when Adelaide Bradley became his betrothed, and her father's consent was given to become his wedded wife, not a doubt of its ultimate fulfillment had clouded the heaven of his future hopes. The irrevocable promise! It should have been so, but alas!—a blank burns upon our cheek as we write the words—came, and went—and not of more proud or manly beauty—but wealthier A wealthier suitor asked that plighted hand, and in a few sixty thousands, for a fine mansion, and a stately equipage. Adelaide renounced the love poet, set upon her from the heart's purest, holiest shrine, and bestowed herself and with a cold word, cold hopes, and blighted the best affections of him, who would have died to save her one pang. From that moment Barry Leeds was a changed man. The ardor and vivacity of youth gave place to a gravity almost amounting to sternness, which comes but with years, and sometimes not then. The sunshine of twilight seemed to have gathered over the bright morning of his existence, and when he rose from a bed of sickness to learn that Adelaide was now married, he hid with quarter fortitude the arrow which had pierced him, gave himself up to his profession, pursued his studies with untiring perseverance, and having practised in his native city for a few years, suddenly came into the possession of a small income, which he resolved to be settled in a country life, having selected Allington as his future home, from some associations of childhood connected with the place.

It was in the first flush of disappointed love that Barry Leeds had vowed never again to believe in the truth of woman, and to trust no female heart; but with distrust, and to spend the remainder of his days in the quiescent state of bachelorhood. With such resolves therefore did he come to dwell in Allington, and established in his own home, with no one to disturb his cogitations or his housekeeping, save the old lady, who had known peace and contentment at which he aimed. But it was not so, the surface of the stream was indeed placed, but in its depths were hidden rocks and quicksands, that fire-side happiness—to the ties or kindred and affection—a domestic circle all his own, which he seemed so peculiarly fitted to enjoy; and now once only, when Lottie's hand lay in his, and his eye rested upon her beautiful features, a thought, a vision, a picture in which the past and future were strangely mingled—the past, so full of misery, the future, when the fair creature might become the presiding deity of his little household—flitted before his imagination, a memory steam that flushed over his heated brow, and then was gone.

All through the Winter Lottie continued under the doctor's hands, and everybody said—everybody was a good deal to say, now, about everybody's affairs—that there was no escape for the young physician. Mrs Rhodes felt it to be her duty to inform Mrs. Ford confidentially, that she was sure that the only way to avoid such observations, was to call in old Doctor Ball, and dismiss the young man entirely from the case, as Lottie's health was in disadvantage to Lottie, and prevented her success in other quarters. To this Mrs. Ford replied, "that she didn't care a fig what people said, that she meant to do exactly as she pleased in the matter, and did not mean to have her family matters interested with, and that as to Doctor Ball, she wouldn't trust a good cat with him." Upon this, Mrs. Rhodes bridled up, and said "she didn't call it interesting, for one neighbor to give another a funeral by hint, but in future, when she heard people make ill-natured observations, she shouldn't trouble her self to contradict them." And so the ladies parted mutually offended, and the Allingtonians, by no means particularly edified by the late family quarrel of that blessed charity which "keepeth all things," grew actually out of temper with Lottie, as if she were the cause of the whole ball distracted with neuralgia, poor girl, or could hope to recover without the advice and attendance of Doctor Leeds. Such a strange world is this we live in.

It was Summer in Allington, bright, glorious Summer, and spite of the predictions of "everybody," Lottie had recovered, and the doctor discontinued his visits, without any matrimonial prospects for either of them. Rhodes looked at Lottie as a very ungrateful daughters, and breathed more freely; and Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Mills agreed—a thing then and then only by the way—"that after all, Lottie Ford was not so very attractive to the other sex, and might die an old maid, though she was counted handsomer than most girls." But to the surprised, was a thing which Lottie's philosophy had never dreamed of. Her nervous complaints had yielded to the doctor's skilful treatment, and after a trip to New York, and a week spent amid the bustle of a crowded city, our belle returned home as gay and as blooming as ever, ready to receive the attack, and with concealed charms, still more confident of success. It so happened, however, that Lottie returned not alone. A certain Cousin Clara, young and wealthy, but with no pretensions to beauty, accompanied her to Allington, and as in a quiet village eggs of rare interest is rapidly circulated, the young lady's arrival became very generally known in the course of a single day, and after she had been seen at church, and her dress, features and complexion, were sufficiently criticised, Cousin Clara was called upon in due form,—the etiquette of Allington admitting this privilege immediately on the round of its parties immediately ensued.

Lottie's disease was obstinate, and the doctor

Original Poem.

LIFE'S BRIGHT SIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WILLIAM B. MCCALLA.

What though the sky is sometimes black,
And melancholy leaks the weather,
Dear closet-sprite for the blue,
'Tis that which brings us all together;
Fuss round the pot, sir, for the sky,
Gives us occasion for single cares,
Hearts were no lighter could you see
The more sad stems, all shining there!

A foolish fellow 'tis who whines
Because his brand's not always buttered;
Or, trembling, bills below a three,
Kes yet the words are scarcely uttered;—
Give unto me men who smile
Misfortune's frowns without and fears,
Feeling no lighter they would come,
Were he to shed not thousand tears!

Some mourn'ing, discontented wights,
Are like the spaniel and pots-I boy,
Who, wearing sleeves that he has,
Seeks only those he can't enjoy!
They think not of God's kindly gifts,
But let each trifling grief annoy,
And thus in vain, ungrateful sighs,
The precious hours of life employ.

Then let us, friends, enjoy to day,
Nor fear sorrows about the morrow,
For care as like it is to come
As full of pleasure as of sorrow:
A thousand ills, and sudden cares,
Beset the path of every one.
Take care of Now, and, grow there what
Perhaps may cloud the *Future's* sun.

THE WAGONS.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF RHEMNITZER

I saw a long, long train
Of many a loaded, lumbering wain:
And one there was of most gigantic size.
It looked an elephant 'midst a swarm of flies;
It rolled on proudly, that a passenger
Curiously asked the driver what that contain'd?
"Nothing but blubbers, sir!"

W. H. M.

Selected Tale.

FROM THE NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

THE MADCAP CHALLENGED.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Some months since, in a few careless and unambitious sketches, which I took the liberty of flinging before the sovereign people, I made rather an unimaginative personage myself, I pretty frequently pressed into my service a certain real-life character, Miss Kate Richmond, my honored friend and namesake's chosen sister. I believe her to possess great capabilities for an amusing, unhackneyed, life-like heroine, and with her ladyship's leave, I have once done with her yet.

I am greatly disinclined to follow in the footsteps of my illustrious story-writing predecessor, whose very heroine rises from the foam and froth of a romantic voyage to Europe, "fresh as if just coming from the sea," endowed with every possible personal perfection—dazzling, bewitching, sublime. In fact, a woman entirely too much for one mortal, marked, "*tacta in-tacta*"—Kate Richmond is handsome, and there's no use to deny it. Yet here I am, beginning this—the—chapter—with a—a decidedly antisentimental. She is dark, dark as one whose both place has slept in the light of those rays which are rightly gilding the cold cliffs of the Alhambra, or deeply mirrored in the bosom of the Guadalquivir. She is considerably above the ordinary feminine height—has a full and finely developed form, and a step and carriage of the head slightly Junonian; but strange to say, her distinguishing feature is not grandeur, but piquancy, ungoddess-like and democratic. This is, an exceedingly active and unconstrollable love of mischief and fun—in all its innocent shapes and varieties—and on this hinge must swing my present modest memorials of my friend.

When the Spring of last year was just gloaming into Summer—when May buds were just blushing into June roses, a friend myself en route for the East, with merry Kate for sort of my travelling companions. She was no her return home from a year's visit to the far west, away out to Prairie-land.

For the purpose of revelling in the exquisite scenery of the Susquehanna and Juniata, we took passage in a canal packet; that most deserted and forgotten of conveyances—that Josephine of the National progress, put away for the Maria of steam-dom, the imperial car, with her long train of square adventures.

Sweet Juniata, superb Susquehanna!—in our recollection's magic realm ye are visioned passing fair. Ere many years, the sea may be busy with your hinging wild-wood—the din of the factory may disturb the hushed silence of your shores, and its intrusive smoke come between your waves and the blue heaven; but your memories shall still flow on pure, and quiet, and lovely in nature's beautiful blending of sunlight and shadow!

My friend and I adjusted the close and roomy little cabin to our comfort, and then, from the deck, we watched the banks of the fresh and delicate green, as they glided by; here the intense delight which is the heritage of the lovers of nature—that pure, deep joy which is the birthright of young and healthy hearts, came leaping down to us, like living streams from some glorious hills which beautified the march of the waiter, and almost seemed to pilfer the arched sky.

In the evening, all hands, passengers included, were on deck, enjoying a magnificent sunset. Kate, who is a delightful singer, had been entraneing us for the last half hour, by special request, and was still in the full tide of song, when the supper bell rang its rude summons.

"No sir, we thank you—we're not call to eat," said Kate to our *chevalier d'accrie*, as he "presented arms" to conduct us down to the table.

"Oh, dear friend, entreat them, for I may not describe the sensations of that moment! The recognition was mutual and instantaneous. Still as statues, we sat for a moment, looking into each other's silly faces; then I nodded, slightly and awkwardly, scarce conscious of what I did, the young gentleman bowed in return, gracefully and smiling—then, bidding me good morning, in a loud and pleasant tone, gallopped on, in the direction from which I came.

"I waited until my father joined me, and then in to carriage a manner as I could assume, inquired if he had met a young horseman on the way.

"Yes, Katy."

"And who is he?"

"Why, it's Lieut. A——, he's been here this week, drumming up recruits for Polk's crusade; and by the way, as he is the son of an old college friend I have half a mind to invite him to dine some of these days. Shall I, eh?"

"Just as seemeth thine head best," I replied. (Don't you think that he might have known that something was in the wind, by this sudden, pattern-daughterish deference?)

"Well, the invitation was given, and accepted—the young officer came and was formally introduced by my two respective fine. The things was just after pleasantly, all things considered, though I was nervous and distrustful, and the lieutenant provokingly cool and somnambulent.

"You may repent this, young gentleman!" whispered my wicked spirit, prophetically.

"In a conversation with my father, our martial guest stated that he was eminently expecting orders for Mexico, and that he longed for an opportunity to distinguish himself in the present war. Oh! glory!

"Can't you understand, Grace, without my wasting words and ink, just how unpleasant entitlement, when I tell you that I was but a little annoyed, and a bit of feminine revenge, for what I considered unwarrantable waiving of attention—and that he was hopelessly unacceptable, and self-conceited, soldier-like, beat upon conquests. Our acquaintance advanced, to use a most original comparison, reminiscence of West Point, (the most stupid things imaginable,) and made my eyes flash, and tried to look heroic, and when he talked of making foot-tracks in blood, through the 'Halls of the Montezumas.' Yet, 'pon my word, I had no thought of any thing more serious than the blessed joy of a heavy volley of vows,—he ought to raise it to the level of his own, by explosive sighs—he ought to see its delicacies a reward-charge of languishing glances, and kept up a steady fire of delicate attentions. But he was repulsed, bravely, nobly repulsed, though I say it—for—about—dusk, it is despair, and fortunately, the very next day brought the long looked-for order, and glory claimed her own.

"May we not hope that the young Mars, upspring from Love's encreating couch of roses, and flying from him in universal rout, will return friends, to pursue, with undiminished vigor, his stormy and fiery career?

"A military uniform is a very pretty dress,—Lieutenant is a romantic title,—and Lieutenant A—— is a very handsome man; but you are aware that there is a certain 'noble civilian,' whose portorial semblance lies next this faithful heart—that, in short, I am not more sewn,—and then, I don't approve of the Mexican war.

"Kate closing this letter, I would put my whole heart into my expressions that you will come and spend October with me. My parents will then be absent, on a long visitation to the west, and I shall be left with the care of the house of Richmond, and its younger hopes. Brother Tom has promised to break existing house, and cut the yard-stick, for a whole fortnight at least, then, and you must have Tom; he's only two years my senior, and my manicalinized counterpart. So you will be sure to like him. Good-by, dear, dear Kate.

"ELLEN K.

Moral. Young ladies who do not approve of the Mexican war, should not hint their hands to inexperienced young strangers, who may be officers, in embryo.

PRIDE AND VANITY.—The *proud* man is pene trated with a sense of his superior merits, and from the scantest of his acquaintance treats all other mortals with the most contemptuous contempt. The *vain* man attaches the greatest importance to the opinion of others, and seeks their approbation with eagerness. The *proud* man expects that his merit shall be sought out; the vain man knocks at every door to fasten attention upon himself, and he supplicates for the smallest boons. The *proud* man disdains the marks of distinction which constitute the source of happiness to the vain man. The *proud* man revolts at foolish eulogiums; the vain man inhales with delight the incense of applause, however absurdly and unskilfully administered.—*Dr. Gall.*

FLATTERY.—Soon after Dr. Johnson moved his celebrated "Rasselas," a literary coxcomb of that edition appended some of their number a committee to wait on him and express their approbation of his work. They accordingly waited on him, and one or their number addressed him in a long speech of tuba-me praise. He calmly sat waiting the conclusion of the op-tch, and then bowing his face to the committee, expressed his acknowledgment by saying—" Foddle-de-dee, my dears!"

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HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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TERMS.

Single copies $2 per annum in advance—$3 if not paid in advance.

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TO AGENTS.

Will R. A. Henry, agent for Delaware, and O. H P. Stem, agent for Virginia, please inform us where a letter can reach them.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

It occasionally happens, through the negligence of some of our agents in forwarding their accounts punctually, that we send bills to subscribers, believing them to be in arrears, who have at the same time a receipt from one of the aforesaid agents in their pockets. Subscribers to whom this may happen, will please not lose their patience and fly into a passion on this account; for so long as man is a fallible being, such mistakes cannot, perhaps, be entirely avoided.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Accepted. "Love Song," and "Sonnet," by J. B. G.

The Sailor Boy's Song.—The author of this poem must have patience—his turn will come before long.

Charades. We have received our correspondent's charades, but have not yet had time to examine into their merits. We shall be much pleased if we are able to gratify her by enabling her "to see her name in print."

INTERNATIONAL COPY-RIGHT.

It is an old saying that "there are two sides to every question," and in no case is this proverb more true—notwithstanding the contempt with which authors generally receive the opinions of those who do not favor that side of the argument which it is evidently their pecuniary interest to espouse—than in the question of an international copyright. It is contended on the one hand, that the author has an absolute right of property in the book which he puts forth to the world; and, therefore, that all governments pretending to maintain the rights of the weak against the strong, should protect him in the enjoyment of this peculiar species of commodity. Now, granting that an author has as much and the same right to his book, as the farmer has to the products of his orchard or his field, it does not follow from this, that his right is absolute and without limitation. As the rights of property in the latter, may justly upon occasion be made to yield to the strong demands of bodily hunger, or national necessity; so may the right of an author in his works, be made to yield before the mental hunger of the masses of society. And when we take into consideration the high prices obtained by English authors for their works in their own country, and contrast them with the prices of the same works in the United States, it causes us to hesitate before admitting in its length and breadth a principle, which if carried into effect, would most probably result in depriving the great majority of our people, of a most important means of intellectual and moral culture. As an example of the cost of works in England, we will mention a few instances. "Alison's *History of Europe*" is sold in Great Britain for about sixty dollars, a price which it is evident must exclude it from the libraries of all but the wealthy; while, in this country, it was issued, we believe, in sixteen numbers, at twenty-five cents each. Bulwer's and James's novels are sold in England at between six and seven dollars apiece; and, as an English reviewer justly says, "the consequence is, that few copies are sold, except to circulating libraries; but simultaneously with its appearance in London, while noble ladies besiege the librarian for the next perusal of the much-coveted book, the New York carter or daily laborer luxuriates in a copy of *his own*, purchased for a sixpence. And while the London publisher congratulates himself upon having sold an edition of three thousand in twelve months, the same work has issued from a dozen presses in America in less than as many days, and each publisher has sold perhaps thirty thousand copies, which have been distributed throughout every village in the Union. The consequence of this system is, that *British authors are better known in the United States than they are in Great Britain, and more copies of their works are to be found in a single city there, than in the whole country where they were produced.*"

Now, any principle, the acknowledgment of which will probably have an effect to produce the same condition of things in this country as we have shown now exists in England, should be subjected to close scrutiny before being adopted. If it is founded upon right and justice, that, we grant, is enough—"let justice be done, though the Heavens fall." But let us be sure that it is founded upon right and justice. Let not the statesmen of America allow the mere wordy *clamor* of either native or foreign authors to force the adoption of a measure, the *consequence* of which may be the rendering the works of both *classes* "sealed books" to the great mass of our people.

To return, therefore, to the question of right. Has an author the same right of property in his book, that the farmer has to his grain? We think not. And to settle this question we must go a little deeper into the subject, than authors generally, to their shame be it spoken, have seen fit to do. Is the making of books a mere material craft; or is not all writing, truly worthy the name, a spiritual work, comparable, in a degree, to the preaching of the gospel? Has not the *true* author a burden laid upon his spirit, much of the same kind as is laid upon a true preacher of the Word? We think so—and in this manner do we account for the natural shame felt by the young and unworldly, when they hear a favorite author wrangling about his compensation, as if it were not a very great portion of his compensation that, in the wisdom of God, he has been appointed to be a mouth to his age, a messenger of glad tidings, a prophet of the beautiful—the herald sunbeam, as it were, of a brighter and better day. We grant that, as Carlyle says, "no beautifullest poet is a Bird-of-Paradise, living on perfumes, sleeping in the æther with outspread wings"—he must be fed and clothed like common men; and it is right that "those who preach the gospel, should live by the gospel." But he is bound by his mission, and in proportion to the height of that mission, to be content with simple things—as the Scripture has it, "having food and raiment, to learn therewith to be content." He should rejoice to be able to afford to sell his works cheap in the market, that thus millions of the poor might learn from him "glad tidings of great joy." Oh, it is pitiful to see a man like Charles Dickens, who has received his tens of thousands for his works at home, looking over the broad ocean upon the millions of hungering souls here, eagerly gathering up the kernels of love and hope which it has been given him so profusely to scatter—not with a thankful, tender, satisfied heart at the sight, but with a cold and selfish regret that the lot of these hungering millions was not cast within the British fold, that thus they might not be able to eat, unless he had first plucked them.

We hear Poets, every day, magnifying their mission, saying that of old the words Poet and Prophet were synonymous; why, then, do they not act like Prophets? If they are Prophets, why are they not willing to preach the gospel, as far as possible, without hire? Why do they, also, lust for the "flesh-pots," and pant for "filthy lucre," and grow sorrowful that they are compelled to give freely what they have freely received?

We take, therefore, this position; that the right of the author to his works, in proportion as he is a true author, and not a mere compiler, is more to be compared to the right of the preacher to his sermon, than of the farmer to his grain. Still, he has a right to live by his vocation—and, *for this reason*, every people, by means of a copyright law, or in some other way the most expedient, is bound to provide for its own authors.

And now to the facts of the case, as respects an *international* copyright law. Are the authors of Great Britain sufficiently compensated at home, to enable them to live decently and soberly among men, and not to be harrassed in the performance of their high mission; or, are they not? We think the facts will prove that they are. We know that Mr. Dickens, (that half angel, half cockney,) received fifteen thousand dollars for one of his little Christmas tales alone; and the amount he invariably receives from his publishers for his works, large or small, is enormous. Bulwer and James receive from six to three thousand apiece for their novels; and other first and second class novelists are paid in the same proportion. Writers like Carlyle are not so liberally compensated—because they are farther in advance of their age, and the greater the Prophet, the less the compensation on earth, and the greater the reward in Heaven. If it be objected that I have selected the most popular authors, I answer that these are the only ones for whom an international copyright is wanted, and the only foreign ones whom it would much effect.

But it is said that we never can have an American literature, so long as the American market is flooded with cheap foreign works; and that foreign authors must inevitably sap our Republican principles. But what are the facts? Where are the writers more worthy to be read by the American people, whose productions are more full of the new gospel of humanity, than Carlyle, Dickens, Michelet, the Howitts, Jerrold, Hood and numerous others. These authors, natives and subjects of monarchies though they be, are the leaders in the great onward movement of the age. If we banish these from the tables and workshops of our land, with what native authors shall we supply their places?

But it is acknowledged that we have no American writers to take the place of those I have mentioned; and this fact is alleged to be the result of their being no encouragement for *native* genius. Nonsense! The idea of Genius now lying dumb and silent, because if it speaks it will not be adequately rewarded with "specie payments," is one of the foolishest that ever entered the brain of a foolish man. The man who utters such trash has no conception of what Genius is. As Emerson says, "Prophets always speak." The Man of Genius must speak with the tongue or the pen—he cannot hold his peace. He is possessed, as it were; and must utter the voice of triumph, or sorrow, or warning, which is within him, whether men hear, or whether they turn scornfully away. But what an absurdity, that works of native genius cannot find a market in this country. This is a flattering falsehood, which American writers of third and fourth rate talent lay to their souls—they publish; their works do not sell; and as it is impossible that the fault should lie in the works themselves, it must be the foreign competition; and straightway their names are added to the long list of literary petitioners for international copyright.

But are not our acknowledged men of genius, aye, even of talent, properly appreciated by their countrymen? Did not Prescott receive a very large sum for his two Histories, and Stephens for his books of Travels? Is Bancroft poorly paid? And has not Cooper made a fortune out of his novels? As to the *Poets*, Bryant and Longfellow have run through many editions—while our other acknowledged Poets have been as liberally remunerated as it has been the fashion to patronize Poets of equal genius in any age of the world. Longfellow or Bryant, receives more from Graham for a single poem, than Milton received for the whole of Paradise Lost.

But the truth is, that this country has as yet produced only few men of uncommon genius in the department of Literature. We have had eloquent Divines, and great Statesmen, but as for Poets and Novelists, we have not had many to boast of. That they will be sent unto us in our appointed time, we have no doubt—and when they do come, if they be not good enough to crucify, we have no fear that they will not be adequately rewarded. And, in conclusion, we would advise all American authors, whose books do not sell quite so readily as those of Dickens or Bulwer or Byron, to take it calmly and seriously into consideration, whether it is not, to say the least, very probable, that, as soon as novels and poems equally fascinating are written by our own authors, in their case also, such novels and poems will go off "like hot rolls."

DIFFUSION OF KNOW-LEDGE.

It has been often remarked that the great characteristic of the present age, is the universal diffusion of knowledge. It is not that we know so much more now-a-days than of old time, but what is known is no longer confined to the closets of the few, but is diffused by the hearth-sides and through the work-shops of the many. To the invention of printing has this order of things been principally owing—to the universal diffusion of books, in general; and to that most important of all books, whose pages are printed daily and weekly, the newspaper, in particular.

And not only literature, but the fine arts, are destined thus to go abroad like ministering angels among the rude masses of society, refining and humanizing the whole race of man. Cheap engravings, which afford no contemptible idea of the original pictures, may now be found in the cottage by the way-side—aye, engravings as well executed as those which of old could only be met with upon the tables of the wealthy, now carry their sweet messages of joy and love into the humblest homes.

Statuary too, though last and perhaps least, is doomed also to bow to the genius of the age. By a late invention, copies of busts, not in plaster but in marble, can be produced to any extent, by the simple process of lathe-turning. Mr. Blanchard, the inventor of this new "*levelling*" machine, is desirous of forming a joint stock company for the purpose of thus multiplying busts and statuary, and intends applying to the present session of the legislature of Massachusetts for a charter. The editress of the Boston Transcript has seen a bust of Webster, turned out by Mr. Blanchard with his machine, and pronounces it, not only one of the best likenesses she has *ever seen*, but also "a perfect specimen of what would seem to be *artist-like finish*." She says:—

It is indeed a wonderful discovery, that irregular forms can thus be produced in marble, and while it will deteriorate nothing from the elevated character of the plastic art, it will be of immense benefit by creating a better taste for statuary. The genius of the sculptor will yet be wanted for the model, and from this, by simple machinery copies can be produced at so cheap a rate, that we may have busts of our friends for the price of a common painting, and in this way a love of statuary will not only be developed, but encouraged amongst our people.

Such is the spirit of the age. The progress of mankind towards a truer and nobler state of society is now onward, ever onward; and nothing but our own folly or wickedness can retard our course. May Heaven speed that day of peace, love and universal enlightenment! That day when none shall be so rich as to forget their Creator; and none so poor that they shall not have time and means to employ in the cultivation of all the nobler faculties of their natures—reason, intelligence, and the love of the beautiful and true.

HOME OF INDUSTRY.

A meeting was recently held in this city, at which the Mayor presided, for the purpose of taking measures to procure funds for the erection of a Home of Industry, upon a more extensive plan than usual. The Building in question, is to contain bathing apartments, workshops, and other accommodations of a suitable character, and is designed to afford employment to such of the Poor of this city and county, especially during the Winter season, as may be unable to obtain work elsewhere. We notice among the officers of the meeting, many of the first names of our city; and we trust that this benevolent work will receive the liberal support of our citizens, as they may thus be assured that their contributions will not be squandered by any unwise management.

A GOOD IDEA.

A criminal condemned to death in the South of France has petitioned the King to be allowed to be executed under the *influence* of ether.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

We published, some weeks ago, a short extract from a letter written by George Sumner, of Boston, who is now in Paris, to the Mayor of his native city, upon the subject of Prison Discipline. We have since had the pleasure of perusing the whole letter, which has been issued in Pamphlet form by the "Acting Committee of the Philadelphia Society for the Alleviation of the Miseries of Public Prisons."

This letter puts to rest completely, the long mooted question as to the respective advantages of the separate and the social systems of confinement, which has been so warmly disputed between the Boston and Philadelphia Prison Societies. Mr. Sumner states that the separate or Philadelphia system, is now nearly universally approved in Europe—and he further says that the reports from the twenty-three prisons already established in France upon this principle, are conclusive testimonials to its advantages over the old plan.

The greater portion of all this opposition from our Boston friends, and others, to the separate system, has had its origin, we think, in a mistake upon their parts. They have confounded, in their minds, *separate* and *solitary* confinement. The latter, doubtless, would be as dreadful as Mr. Dickens has pictured it in his "Notes" upon this country. But the separate system is only a separation from the *bad*, not from the *good*. It does not necessarily debar the prisoner from frequent visits from either his regular attendants, the minister of the prison, benevolent persons who are interested in his behalf, or strangers. It only excludes the man who has taken his first step in crime, from the contamination of the company of the old and hardened offender. It prevents such an one from being recognized by his fellow prisoners when released; and takes away from them that fearful power—the knowledge that one now virtuous and prosperous, was once the inmate of a jail.

We were particularly struck by a remark in one of the reports quoted by Mr. Sumner. It was from the clergyman of one of the French prisons. He states that under the old social plan of worship, a sneer on the countenance of one prisoner, would often completely neutralize his power over all the rest. But under the separate system, no man can see the face of his neighbor—and, it is evident, the effect upon each must be much greater. They cannot bolster each other up in their impenitence. But want of space forbids our pursuing this subject further, and we must close; referring our readers to the letter itself, which will be found both interesting and conclusive.

A NEW WORK.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard will issue, in the course of the next week or two, a work entitled "Overland Journey Round the World, by Sir George Simpson, Governor-in-Chief of the Hudson Bay Company's Territories." We have been favored with a few sheets in advance of this work, but have only room at present for the following interesting items.

Speaking of the expeditions undertaken by the Aleutians in their baidarkas (small boats,) to hunt the sea-otter, the author says:—

These distant expeditions are not unattended with danger. The baidarka, being merely a frame of bones, with a covering of skins, cannot withstand the action of the water for many days on end; and if it springs a leak, or is otherwise injured, its tenants have nothing but certain and immediate death before them, for no other vessel can take more than its own complement on board; and, calling their comrades around their sinking craft, they send kind messages to their wives and families, and then lie down to die, without a single effort at self-preservation.

Quite Spartan that. The following custom of a neighboring people, the Ochotskians, is also quite after the Spartan fashion—and the Mexican, too, for that matter. "Well, it's all habit," as Uncle Toby said.

Speaking of the habits of the people, I heard of a custom, which would hardly be considered delicate or correct in England. Men and women, to the number perhaps of thirty or forty of both sexes, frequent one and the same bath at one and the same time; and so common is the thing, that it is regarded as a matter of perfect indifference.

The people in those cold regions seem to be inveterate walkers, and to prefer walking to riding, as is very natural. The following paragraph winds up with "a good one," proving that modesty is part of the male character, and coquetry of the female, the world over:—

Walking on snow-shoes, however, is a favorite pastime among the gentlemen; and one of the Company's clerks, Mr. Atlasoff,—a descendant, I believe, of the conqueror of Kamschatka,—thinks nothing at all of trudging eighty or ninety miles a day, having one winter gone from Ochotsk to Irkutsk on foot, a distance of nearly four thousand versts or two thousand seven hundred miles, in order to visit his friends. This performance quite beats that of a gentleman in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, who walked from Moose Factory to Red River Settlement, to request my leave to marry a young lady, whose inclinations on the subject he had never taken the precaution to discover. Having obtained the required permission, he retraced his steps, and, with his authority all cut and dried for immediate use, made his formal proposal; but, to his infinite astonishment and dismay, the hard-hearted and ungrateful woman rejected his suit.

HISTORY OF PANTALOONS

Southey, in his work called the "Doctor," gives an account of the rise and progress of this most important portion of a gentleman's dress, in the present day—to say nothing of its use by the ladies. It seems that St. Pantaleon was patron saint of Venice, where "long small-clothes" were first introduced. Now the Venetians, in consequence of their great devotion to the aforesaid saint, were called in derision, Pantaloon, by the other Italians; just as we now-a-days call an Irishman Pat or Paddy, from St. Patrick. Of course it was a very easy and natural matter, to transfer the appellation from the Venetians themselves, to their peculiar dress, upon its being first introduced, by the dandies, we suppose, into France and England. It was in the days of "good (or rather, *bad*) queen Bess," that pantaloons gradually supplanted trunkhose in Great Britain. Southey goes on to say:

Pantaloons, then, as of Venetian and magnifico parentage, and under the patronage of an eminent saint, are doubtless an honorable garb. They are also of honorable extraction, being clearly of the Braccæ family; for it is this part of our dress by which we are more particularly distinguished from the Oriental and inferior nations, and also from the abominable Romans, whom our ancestors—Heaven be praised!—subdued. Under the miserable reign of Honorius and Arcadius, these lords of the world thought proper to expel the Braccarii, or breeches-makers, from their capitals, and to prohibit the use of this garment, thinking it a thing unworthy that the Romans should wear the habit of barbarians; and truly it was not fit that so effeminate a race should wear the breeches. The pantaloons are of this good Gothic family. The fashion having been disused for more than a century, was re-introduced some five-and-twenty years ago.

OPENING OF THE MEXI-CAN PORTS.

The Washington Union contains a Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, furnishing a system of military contributions, proposed to be levied by our Government in Mexico. The plan, in brief, is to open all the ports of Mexico that may be now or hereafter in our possession, to the trade of all neutral nations,—imposing duties upon all merchandize, for the purpose of raising money to carry on the war. The tariff of duties proposed by Mr. Walker is moderate, when compared to that which the Mexicans have been accustomed to, being generally more than one half below the regular Mexican scale. The Mexican Government monopoly in Tobacco, is recommended by him to be abolished, and that Quicksilver and machinery for working the mines be admitted duty free. The duties are to be collected in gold and silver coin, through the agency of our army and naval officers—and they are recommended to be specific instead of ad valorem, on account of the difficulty of obtaining skilful appraisers in Mexico. The requisite instructions, with the details of the Tariff, have already been forwarded to our officers in command on the Mexican Coast.

UNFORTUNATE.

The barque John Welsh, which left this port full freighted by the Irish Relief Committee, for Ireland, was compelled by stress of weather to cut away her masts and return. Her cargo is being transferred to the brig Adele, which will be immediately despatched. No loss will accrue to the fund, as the cargo was fully insured, and no inconvenience, except the delay consequent upon the accident. The Committee expect to load the "John Welsh" again as soon as she is ready for sea.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

It has been decided in New Orleans, in a recent law suit, that "a citizen of Mexico is not able to maintain a civil action against a citizen of the U. States"—then the last hope of the Mexicans is gone; for it is evident from the results of Resaca de la Palma and Buena Vista, that they are not able to maintain an *uncivil* action against our citizens.

GENERAL TAYLOR.

A little inkling of the derivation of General Taylor's *soubriquet* of "Rough and Ready," we derive from an article in Cist's Cincinnati Advertiser, descriptive of a splendid mansion recently erected in Newport, Kentucky, by Gen. James Taylor (a brother of *the* General Taylor), who is, we have understood, the wealthiest individual in that State. It seems that the Taylor family is not of recent origin, but of considerable antiquity. The Advertiser says:—

In the stained lights are emblazoned various heraldic devices, purporting to belong to the Taylor family, which is of English origin, and looms far up into the darkness of past ages. My sturdy democracy would have prompted me to pass this part of my subject without notice, but for a singular fact of significant import and interest connected with it. The shield bears the legend "Ready *and faithful*." It is impossible to read this without being reminded that Taylor, of *Palo Alto* and *Monterey*, who is also of the family, derives one half of his popular soubriquet of Rough and Ready from this source.

Gen. Taylor, himself, is said to be a man of considerable property, being the owner of several plantations in Kentucky and Mississippi.

By the way, among the other anecdotes which have vindicated the appropriateness of the designation "Rough and Ready," the following deserves a place. At the close of the first day's fighting at Buena Vista, some of the old General's officers advised him to fall back during the night to a stronger position. His laconic reply was:—"Hold on, boys; we'll *feel* them again first in the morning."

Since writing the above, we have met with the following account of the early history of General Taylor, in the Newark Advertiser:—

"He comes from an ancient Virginia family which emigrated from England, with other friends of liberty, and settled in the eastern part of Virginia, nearly two centuries ago—a family which has since been greatly distinguished in its various branches, and which includes within its connections, such names as James Madison, John Taylor of Caroline, Judge Pendleton, General Hunt, &c. General Taylor's father was one of the most daring of those enterprising pioneers who settled 'the dark and bloody ground' which defines the Indian word Kentucky, and many anecdotes are told of his prowess in desperate encounters with the savages.

"He became also a man of eminence in civil life, and was a member of the Electoral Colleges which voted for Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Clay. He died on his estate near Lexington, in 1826, leaving four sons, of whom 'Old Zack' is the third, and, we believe, one or two daughters. The oldest son, General James Taylor, who was a Quarter Master General in the Army during the war of 1812, now resides at Newport, Ky., at the advanced age of eighty years.

"His more distinguished brother was born in Kentucky, two years before its admission into the Union, and is now, therefore, about fifty-six years of age. Having a stout, vigorous frame, he was early distinguished for feats of manly character, and many amusing anecdotes are told of his achievements in the sports of boyhood. The same foresight, firmness, and decision, which have since so attracted public admiration, are said to have characterized his whole course through all the shifting circumstances of life. Soon after the affair of the Chesapeake and Leopard, previous to the war of 1812, he, being then eighteen years of age, received from Mr. Jefferson (in 1808,) the appointment of Lieutenant in the Seventh Infantry, and commenced that military career which has now been crowned with imperishable fame.

"His strict observance of duty, and distinguished merit as a disciplinarian, soon commended him for promotion, and at the opening of the war of 1812, we find him a Captain in his Regiment. Having been entrusted with the command of Fort Harrison, on the Wabash, with a garrison of fifty men, he greatly distinguished himself in that year by his successful defence of it against a formidable attack by a large body of Indians, and was rewarded by the President with the brevet rank of Major. His well known skill in Indian warfare, acquired in his brilliant career in the Northwest Territory, secured for him the command of the First Brigade of the Army of the South, and it was at the head of that division that he won the bloody battle of Lake Okee-Chobee, during the Florida campaign of 1838, and for which achievement he was brevetted Brigadier General. After four or five years arduous service in the swamps and hammocks of Florida, he was assigned to the command of the first department of the Army at Fort Jesup, where the order to Texas and the Rio Grande found him.

"By his marriage with a lady of Maryland, Gen. Taylor has one son and two daughters, one of whom is married to Col. Davis, of the Mississippi regiment, who was severely wounded at Buena Vista."

THE LEYDON BARD.

It is with feelings of sorrow that we announce to our readers the death of Henry C. Beeler, Esq., of Pittsburg, whose poetical contributions have frequently appeared in our columns, under the signature of "The Leydon Bard." Mr. Beeler is represented to have been one of those kindly natures, who are beloved by all that know them. He was between 24 and 25 years of age.

Editorial Varieties.

IRELAND IN THE FUTURE.

Lord John Russell, in a recent speech, before the House of Commons, read the following description of the state of Scotland in the seventeenth century, to show that there is no cause to despair for Ireland:—

There are, at this day, in Scotland (besides a great number of families very meanly provided for by the Church boxes, with others who, with living upon bad food, fall into various diseases,) 200,000 people begging from door to door. These are not only no ways advantageous, but a very grievous burthen to so poor a country; and, though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of the present great distress, yet, in all times, there have been about 100,000 of these vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or submission, either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature; fathers incestuously accompanying their own daughters, the son with the mother, and the brother with the sister. No magistrate could ever discover, or be informed, which way any of those wretches died, or that ever they were baptized. Many murders have been discovered among them; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants (who, if they do not give bread or some sort of provision to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them); but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighborhood. In years of plenty, many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot, for many days; and, at country weddings, markets, burials, and other the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming and fighting together.

He also quoted from that eminent statesman and good man, Sir Thomas More, an account of England in his day—stating also that his account was corroborated by other writers—which gives but a shade lighter picture of the condition of England, centuries ago. He then proceeded as follows:—

Such was the description of industrious, sober, civilized, religious Scotland at the end of the seventeenth century. Shall we say, that particular laws, that a peculiar state of society, have no influence on the condition of a population, when we find England and Scotland represented as being in this state, and afterwards becoming orderly, civilized and prosperous? I think we should not be acting as becomes the representatives of this country, if we despaired of the state of Ireland. I am not one of those who think, that, apart from political rights,—apart from other questions connected with political institutions, a merely beneficent government can make a country flourish. It is my opinion that other measures will be required, and when the proper time comes for proposing such measures, I shall be ready to undertake anything which I think will be for the ultimate benefit of Ireland.

MR. INGERSOLL'S HISTORY.

The National Intelligencer states, "that Mr. C. J. Ingersoll is earnestly engaged in writing the second volume of his Historical Sketch of the War of 1812. He solicits information from all persons, particularly those employed in the public service—military, naval, or civil—whose suggestions will be thankfully received by him, and as far as proper embodied in the work."

Inasmuch as Mr. Ingersoll thus publicly solicits "suggestions," we would respectfully offer the following:—That, after Mr. Ingersoll has completed his labors, he hands the work over to some good scholar, acquainted with the idiom of the English language, for revision and correction. For such a barbarous, uncouth jargon of style as distinguishes, or rather *extinguishes*, portions of his first volume, surely never before was put together by the wit of man.

RISE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

The "Newfoundland Times" states that the whole of the land in and about the neighborhood of Conception Bay, very probably the whole island, is rising out of the ocean at a rate which promises, at no very distant day, materially to affect, if not to render useless, many of the best harbors they have now on the coast. At Port-de-Grave, a series of observations have been made, which undeniably prove the rapid displacement of the sea-level in that vicinity. Several large flat rocks, over which schooners might pass some thirty or forty years ago with the greatest facility, are now approaching the surface, the water being scarcely navigable for a skiff.

DISASTERS AFAR OFF.

With how little thought do editors record, and subscribers generally read accounts of casualties of various kinds; forgetful, as it were, that to hundreds such particulars are often received with the most painful sorrow. Only when the course of the destroying angel lies across our own path, or that of some relative or friend, do we find time for more than a passing word or exclamation, and then all is quickly forgotten.

Such were our thoughts upon perusing a letter from an old subscriber in Alabama, stating as a reason for his delay in forwarding his yearly subscription, the loss of the steamboat Tuscaloosa, which occurred last February, as our readers will remember, on her way to Tuscaloosa from Mobile. Our friend says:—

This was the favorite boat of our county. "On board were many passengers, including a committee having in charge the remains of Lieutenant Inge, (formerly of Tuscaloosa,) who fell in battle in Mexico, last May. Likewise a very valuable cargo of merchandize, and many cash letters for planters, containing the proceeds of their cotton crop.

The boat is believed to have been struck by lightning. More than one hundred lives are now ascertained to have been lost, together with the cargo and most of the money. Many planters have thus lost their annual income, of which unfortunate number I am one. An amount of suffering, mourning and embarrassment are thus thrown on our community, which enables us to realize all the horrors of such a disaster, which, when occurring at a distance, is thought lightly of.

Yes, such disasters, as he says, "when occurring at a distance, are thought lightly of," and perhaps it is better that we are thus constituted; or else life would be undermined by the constant assaults made upon it by pain and sorrow.

FREEDOM OF FRANCE.

A Frenchman would be scandalized at being told that France was far behind England in social and political liberty, and yet it is very evident such is the case. Take the following facts for an instance:

"In Paris, ten people dare not meet together in a public place, dare not dine together in a public house without the permission of the police. There are now pending before the law courts, two cases. In one, eight gentlemen are being prosecuted for having met to breakfast in a public house without notifying their intention to the police; in the other, several respectable persons are being prosecuted for having met in a private house to pray, read and expound the Scriptures, according to the Protestant form."

It is difficult for Americans to imagine how any nation, containing so many intelligent, high-spirited men, as France, can tolerate such tyranny. If their rulers were Gods, and not men like themselves, or had the power of Gods, we would not wonder so much at it. War, especially civil war, is not a pleasant thing, but it is better than a peaceable, quiet, life-long submission to a despotism of which the facts we have quoted are only samples. But we suppose the truth is, that the people of Europe are so used to the kicks and cuffs of Tyranny, that they do not even perceive that they are kicked and cuffed, their skin having grown so thick and callous.

IS IT TRUE?

We see it stated that there was some bad conduct on the part of the Arkansas and Indiana Regiments, in the battle of Buena Vista. A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune says:—

The Arkansas Regiment flatly refused—so the story goes—to advance with Gen. Wool upon the enemy, declaring the odds too great. Whereupon Col. Yell, of that regiment, desperate from the conduct of his command, called upon all who loved Arkansas to follow him; and accompanied by about one hundred soldiers—good and true—rushed into the thickest of the fight, and perished there. He sacrificed himself to the honor of his corps, and in the service of his country;—and, far more to be envied, than those of his regiment who survived the conflict and lost their reputation. Col. Yell leaves many a friend to lament his untimely end.

The Indiana regiment behaved no better. It fled according to report, at the first onset; and was in full retreat on Monterey when it was overtaken by the news of the victory—like Frederic the Great on his first battle. I give the story as I heard it. It may not be true, and I hope it is not. I would not have the representative soldiers of any State deprived of the rich fame that awaits each one of that band of heroes, who did their devoir at Buena Vista.

We think it probable that there is some foundation for the above charges, but have very little doubt that they are greatly exaggerated.

PLAINFIELD BANK.

The receivers of this institution, "give public notice to the creditors of the Bank, that they come in and produce their claims and demands before the Receivers for the creditors and stockholders of said Bank within six months from the 25th day of March, 1847, or they will be excluded from the benefit of such dividends as may hereafter be declared by the Chancellor upon the proceeds of the effects of said corporation.

"The Receivers will be ready to receive bills and claims and to issue certificates thereof, on and after the 4th of April, at their office, 259 Broad st., Newark."

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from General Taylor's camp, gives a most horrible account of the butchery of a party of unarmed Mexican peasants by a portion of the Arkansas volunteers.

It seems that the Arkansas regiment of horse, from their having been employed as scouts, and occupying the outposts, have had four or five of their number lassoed. The correspondent of the Republican says:—

The day before yesterday it was reported that one of their number had been killed by the Mexicans, as he had been missing from camp since the day before, when he went out to look for his horse. Search was made for the body, and it was found about a thousand yards from our camp, with a lasso around the neck, and tied to a prickly pear, having been dragged some hundred yards upon the face through the chapparal. It presented a horrible sight; the name of the young man was Colquitt, a nephew of the Senator. The Arkansas men vowed vengeance deep and sure. Yesterday morning a number of them, some thirty perhaps, went out to the foot of the mountain, two miles off, to an "arrejo" which is washed in the side of the mountain, to which the "picanos" of Agua Nueva had fled upon our approach, and soon commenced an indiscriminate and bloody massacre of the poor creatures who had thus fled to the mountains and fastnesses for security. A number of our regiment being out of camp, I proposed to Col. Bissel to mount our horses and ride to the scene of carnage, where I knew, from the dark insinuations of the night before, that blood was running freely. We hastened out as rapidly as possible, but, owing to the thick chapparals, the work of death was over before we reached the horrible scene, and its perpetrators were returning to camp, glutted with revenge.

Let us no longer complain of Mexican barbarity—poor, degraded, "priest ridden," as she is. No act of inhuman cruelty, perpetrated by her most desperate robbers, can excel the work of yesterday, committed by our soldiery. God knows how many of the unarmed peasantry have been sacrificed to atone for the blood of poor Colquitt. The Arkansas regiment say not less than thirty have been killed. I think, however, that at least twenty of them have been sent to their eternal rest. I rode through the chapparal and found a number of their dead bodies, not yet cold. The features, in every instance, were composed and tranquil—lying upon their backs, eyes closed, and feet crossed. You would have supposed them sleeping, but for the gory stream that bedewed the turf around them. In some instances, after the vital spark had fled, in the overflow of demoniac vengeance, the carbine had dashed out the brains of its clayey victim. Death, in all its horrors, I have seen and been familiar with from boyhood, but I could not feel the dread reality before me until Col. B. and myself rode down the "arrejo" to where, from the curling smoke, we supposed the women and children of these poor creatures were secreted. We rode up. Fear and anxiety were depicted on every countenance—the women crowded around us for protection—and, notwithstanding they were not more than half a mile from the scene of this murderous butchery, they were wholly ignorant of what had been going on.

An old female, who looked as though she might be the grandmother of the whole, advanced to us, and in the most imploring manner, asked me to send back her husband and sons from the camp, where she supposed they had all been taken. I then told them that I feared their men had been killed. They soon comprehended my fears, and the old woman asked us to lead them to the dead bodies; and accompanied by two little boys of about two years of age each, we set out for the scene of murder. The first body we approached, the old woman exclaimed was a "caretero"—"a donde estad los autres, madre de Dios, adonde irmos?"—(where are the others? mother of God, where shall we go?) We then led them to another body, that of a man about thirty years of age, who lay as tranquil as though he was in the slightest sleep.

The little boy, impelled by that instinct which seems to lead us into trouble and difficulty ere it is ready for us, outstripped his companions, and was the first to reach the body. He advanced steadily to its side, gazed upon the countenance, which was half concealed beneath the broad brimmed sombrero, folded his hands upon his breast, and looked with dreaming earnestness upon the bloody victim of ill-timed vengeance. The heaving of his manly little chest, and the silent tears stealing from his dark eyes, and rolling their searching way down his cheeks, told too eloquently that the little fellow had lost a friend. I said to him, in the most soothing tone I could command, "Do you know that man?" to which he replied, "*Es, my padre caballero*;" walked round the body; examined the bullet hole in the side; turned away from us, drew his sleeve across his eyes, and, without an audible sob or murmur, returned to the glen, where his mother, brothers and sisters were to hear the tale of their desolation.

No earthly power now exists to punish the perpetrators of this horrid outrage. Congress, in its wisdom, has refused to sanction executions in the field for murders committed here, and all that can be done is to send the perpetrators back with disgrace. The army condemns the bloody deed, and but through the agency of Captain Coffy, of our regiment, who rallied his men and stepped between the victims and their executioners, seventeen others would certainly have been killed, who were brought by him into camp. Had the Arkansas men, in the first flow of their excited feelings, shot down a Mexican or two in retaliation for their murdered comrade, I could pardon, though not justify it; but this wholesale slaughter, I fear, will bring reproach upon the whole volunteer force. It was but the act of a few reckless desperadoes, who care neither for God, man nor themselves.

CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE.

It is stated that the joint stock company, who have been so long at work in the Hudson, searching after Captain Kidd's treasure, have at length succeeded in finding, by means of a diving bell, a cup and fourteen bars of silver, and a box containing antique jewels, set with diamonds and other precious stones, the whole valued at over $100,000. These articles were fished up out of the wreck of one of Kidd's vessels, which tradition says was burnt and run ashore at Caldwell's Landing. The above may be true, or it may be a hoax—it reads very much like the latter.

HOMŒOPATHY.

Madame Hahnemann, the widow of the celebrated founder of Homœopathy, has been fined 100 francs in Paris, for practising in that city without a legal diploma. Madame Hahnemann declared she had received a diploma in Pennsylvania, (probably from a Homœopathic College, which exists, we believe, in the north-eastern part of this State,) and also stated that she had never taken pecuniary remuneration for her services, but it was all of no avail.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The Board of Directors of this important work has organized by the election of S. V. Merrick as President. He is said to be a gentleman of practical experience, good business qualifications, and high integrity—and it is expected that he will give all his energies to the great undertaking which he has been called upon to direct.

THE COMET.

We forgot to chronicle last week, that, according to the Astronomers, the earth had passed through the tail of a Comet. The truth is, we don't more than half believe it—as we have not yet the first account of any body being swept off by it. If it is true, however, all we have to say is, that the Comet couldn't *come it*.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

There has been a very destructive fire in New Orleans. It extended on both sides of Chartres Street, from the Custom House half way down to Bienville. Nearly all of the extensive establishments in that quarter have been destroyed. The loss is supposed to be about $300,000.

New Publications.

Bishop Hughes' Lecture. We are indebted to *W. J. Cunningham, 140 South Third Street*, for a Lecture delivered recently in New York, by Bishop Hughes, upon the "Antecedent Causes of the Irish Famine in 1847." This lecture, like every other production of the Bishop's pen, is marked by much ability. We commend the following sentence to the notice of our readers, as containing a most important truth; one which is probably destined to lead to various great changes in laws and institutions, within the next century:—

"The present system of social and political economy resolves itself, when analyzed, into a primary element of pure selfishness."

"Chefs D'Œuvre Dramatiques de la Langue Française, mis en ordre progressif et annotés pour en faciliter l'intelligence. *Par A. G. Collot, Professeur de Langues et de Literature.*" Mr. Collot is a well known French instructor in this city. This collection of French Dramas includes in all fourteen complete pieces by Berquin, Scribe, Piron, Moliere, Voltaire, Racine and Corneille, arranged progressively with reference to the young reader's progress in the language. We recommend it to the notice of intelligent teachers of the beautiful and polished language of France. It is for sale by *George S. Appleton, No. 148 Chesnut Street.*

The Pennsylvania Journal of Prison Discipline. *Edited by Edward Hartshorne, M. D. Philadelphia: E. C. & J. Biddle.* This periodical is published under the direction of "The Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons." The April number contains several interesting articles.

Comstock's Phonetic Magazine. The April number of this periodical has been issued. The Doctor keeps up the forlorn fight of Phonotypy with unfaltering energy.

Littell's Living Age. We have received No. 151 of this periodical from *Zieber & Co.*

From the Seat of War

FROM THE ARMY.

ANOTHER VICTORY!

LATER FROM SANTA FE.

THE INSURRECTIONISTS DEFEATED.

GOV. BENT'S ASSASSINATION CONFIRMED.

The St. Louis papers of March 29th, bring the following important intelligence:—

The Mexican insurrectionists, after their outrages at Taos, were swelled by new recruits to the number of two thousand. Emboldened by the success of their first unexpected rising, and in pursuance of the plans originally proposed, they marched upon Santa Fe, which they hoped to surprise in its comparatively defenceless state, as neither the fort nor block houses had been completed.

Capt. Morris's command, however, having received intelligence of their approach, left the city, and took position in an admirably located spot in the valley of Moro, thus guarding the approaches to Santa Fe.

Here they awaited the Mexican insurgents, and upon their arrival a brilliant action commenced. Capt. Morris and his men behaved with the utmost coolness and gallantry, and the result was a decisive victory. The Mexicans were totally defeated and routed, with a heavy loss in killed and wounded, and the survivors precipitately made good their retreat.

[Our despatch does not state the loss on the American side.]

The assassination of Governor Bent, and the other events which we had an opportunity of laying before our readers a fortnight since, in advance of all our cotemporaries, is fully confirmed by this arrival.

LATER FROM VERA CRUZ.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF THE TOWN, WITH A LOSS OF EIGHT HUNDRED AMERICANS.

Passengers who arrived in Washington from Charleston on the evening of April 5th, state that as they were leaving Charleston an agent came running down to the boat and halloed to them that a vessel had just arrived bringing intelligence that Vera Cruz had been taken, after a desperate resistance, with a loss of 800 on our side.

Inasmuch as one day's later mail has no confirmation of the above report, it is probably unfounded.

LATER FROM SALTILLO.

No *positive* intelligence had been received at the last advices from Gen. Taylor's camp later than that brought by Lieut. Crittenden; but from the best information that could be obtained, it appears that Santa Anna had retired to Matehula, where he was endeavoring to collect forces.

An officer arrived at the Brazos from Matamoros just as the steamship Telegraph was casting off, with information that General Taylor had arrived at Ceralvo with a thousand cavalry in pursuit of Urrea, who fled in the direction of Victoria as soon as he heard of Taylor's approach. The communication between Camargo and Monterey was re-established.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

LOS ANGELES RETAKEN.

Letters from Tepic, near San Blas, to the New Orleans Picayune, give accounts from California to the 18th of January. Gen. Kearney had arrived with two hundred men from New Mexico. Uniting other forces with his own, he immediately attacked the town of Los Angeles, and retook it after a stout resistance. Upper California is now in our undisputed possession.

THE FALLEN.

The account of the Battle of Buena Vista is stated to have been received in Lexington, Ky., with great sorrow. The loss of so many gallant men in the Battle, will probably spread a gloom over the West, that even the news of victory cannot brighten.

INVESTMENT OF VERA CRUZ.

SUCCESSFUL LANDING OF THE AMERICAN FORCES—WATER AND SUPPLIES CUT OFF FROM THE TOWN—LOSS OF CAPT. ALBURTIS AND SEVEN MEN.

The following particulars of the landing of the American Troops and the Investment of Vera Cruz, are derived from the New Orleans papers.

The troops were landed, after a reconnoissance on the 7th by Generals Scott, Patterson, Worth, Pillow, Quitman and Twiggs, with their Aids and the Topographical corps, which approached near the shore, towards the direction of the Castle, the guns from San Juan de Ulloa opening fire upon the party, throwing shell and round shot, but without doing any damage to the reconnoitering party—the round shot either passing over or falling short, and the shell, although thrown with precision, bursting at a considerable elevation, doing no harm, one shell passing over the steamer Petrita, (the vessel employed in the reconnoisance,) and another bursting under her bow, without doing her any injury.

The reconnoisance was made while the transports and convoys were lying off at Anton Lizardo; after their return, and the least possible delay, transports and convoys weighed anchor and stood to the Southward of Sacrificios, bearing in towards the main line, with a fair breeze and in gallant style; when they came to anchor, the convoys taking position in such a manner as to protect the disembarkation of the troops, the first, 6,000, being landed at two o'clock, P. M., on the 9th, and the remainder during the day. The landing is spoken of by persons who were eye witnesses, as a scene of magnificence rarely witnessed more than once in a lifetime. The troops landed amounted to the exact number of 12,000.

About two o'clock P. M., the first division (Gen. Worth's) had taken its place in the surf boats. The gun boats ran in close to the shore, about three miles below the city, and anchored. One of the small naval steamers ran along the shore and fired a gun at the place of landing as a feeler, to ascertain if there were concealed batteries or troops to oppose the landing.

Nothing was revealed, and the order was given to advance. The surf boats, about fifty in number, each containing from eighty to a hundred men, moved off in gallant style and in the most perfect order. As the boats approached the shore near enough to touch ground, the men leaped out and formed lines by companies, and marched ashore. No opposition was offered. Gen. Patterson's division (the 2d) next debarked in the same manner, and were followed by the 3d or Gen. Twiggs' division. It was past midnight before the troops ceased landing. The surf boats were manned by the sailors from the United States fleet, who labored with right good will. The officers of the navy have done all in their power to assist the army in its movements.

After the landing, the different columns took up their line of march for the positions assigned to them.

The steamers Vixen and Spitfire, lying under Punta de Hornos, opened on the city across the point and in the direction of the Castle, with shell and round-shot, which was returned by the Castle, but without effect.

General Worth's division, which, it is said, has been assigned to the operations on the left flank of the city, from the localie of the landing on the South and under Punta de Hornos, had necessarily to move in echellon to the rear, passing the right, in order to gain his proper position—in the execution of which it became necessary to attack and take possession of two redoubts thrown up by the enemy, on one of which was a piece of artillery, and both filled with infantry. The redoubts were attacked, charged, and taken, a spirited resistance being made by the enemy, who lost several in killed, wounded and prisoners. Capt. Albertis, of the 2d Infantry, was killed by a round-shot, supposed to be from the Castle; the ball severed his head from his body, the same shot taking off the arm of a drummer (a boy) and wounding a private. Capt. Albertis was a Virginian, and formerly conducted a newspaper in Fredericksburg. Col. Dixon was wounded in the breast by a musket shot.

The skirmishing was, however, no check to the advancing column, which passed steadily forward to its position on the left and rear of the city, where it halted and commenced the work of entrenchment.

The pipes used for the purpose of supplying the city with fresh water, have been discovered and broken up, completely cutting off the supply from the tanks, which are situated some distance from the city.

On the 11th and 12th, the American forces were employed in throwing up breastworks and digging entrenchments. Occasional skirmishing took place with the enemy, who were throwing showers of bomb-shells and round-shot from the Castle and city, but without much effect. During this time the seamen were landing provisions and ammunition from the transports.

The city is now completely surrounded by our troops, each division having taken a strong and advantageous position, with entrenchments, completely cutting off all communication by sea or land, and, at the same time, are safe from the fire of the Castle.

The positions of divisions were established on the 13th, extending from Punta de Hornos, on the right, to Punta de la Catita, on the left, in one unbroken line, and active preparations were on foot for the immediate subjugation of this formidable place.

So closely is Vera Cruz now besieged, and so entirely are every means of communication cut off that, in a very few days, the news must reach us that both the city and Castle are occupied by our victorious troops.

The general impression seems to be that the city will surrender in the course of ten days or two weeks. No doubt is expressed of the successful termination of the enterprise.

The Fortia (which brought the news) was delayed from the 13th to the 15th, by the prevalence of a Norther, during which time the discharge of heavy ordnance was frequently heard, which doubtless proceeded from the Castle.

The vessels belonging to the squadron employed in the service as convoys, and for the covering of the landing of the troops below Punta de Hornos are: Flagship Raritan; Frigates Potomac and Princeton; Sloops St. Mary's, Albany and John Adams; Steamers Vixen and Spitfire; Gunboats Reefer, Petrel, Bonita and Bell. The Gunboats carry medium 32's.

The troops, both regulars and volunteers, have suffered incredibly since the landing—marching over the heavy sandhills, without water, under a boiling sun during the day, and sleeping out without tents or bedding during the heavy dews which have fallen at night—exposed, too, to a continual fire from the batteries of the enemy; yet not a murmur has been heard.

A French barque ran the blockade and moored under the walls of the Castle on the morning of the 13th.

Capt. Alburtis, who was killed, was sitting at the foot of a tree at the time he was struck. The ball carried away almost his entire head, took off the arm of a drummer boy, and wounded a corporal besides. It had gone entirely over one of the Pennsylvania regiments before it reached the spot where the brave but unfortunate captain was sitting.

By the arrival of the Cutter Ewing at New Orleans, on the 28th ult., intelligence from Vera Cruz has been received four days later, that vessel having sailed on the 17th.

The news of Taylor's victory at Buena Vista was received at Vera Cruz on the 16th, and created great rejoicing among the army.

Owing to the rough weather, only a portion of the heavy artillery intended for the attack had been landed when the Ewing left.

Gen. Scott had given the foreign residents notice to leave the town, and they had generally gone on board the foreign vessels of war off the port.

Many citizens of Vera Cruz are in favor of an early capitulation, but the military violently opposed any movement of the kind. It was reported by the foreign residents, that several citizens had been shot for proposing the surrender, although few doubt that our troops will carry the place in a short time.

The firing from the city and castle was continued, but has so far been harmless.

Col. Harney arrived at Vera Cruz on the 16th, with his dragoons, after having been cast away near Anton Lizardo.

Nothing had transpired of any importance, subsequent to the previous accounts.

SANTA ANNA'S ACCOUNT.

Santa Anna's report of the Battle of Buena Vista was received at Vera Cruz on the 4th ultimo. He claims an indecisive victory, with the capture of two banners and three pieces of artillery; admits the loss of 1,000 men, and asserts that the Americans lost 2,000; exaggerates the strength of our army by stating it at 8,000 or 9,000, and concludes the material part of his despatch as follows:—

"The only painful reflection I have at this moment is, that not a biscuit or a particle of rice can be had here for our sick and wounded. We have subsisted for many days on meat alone. Thus is verified the complaints I have heretofore made of the neglect this army has suffered, from having to depend for supplies on its own resources during the last two months. I will now add, that it is not possible to carry on the campaign successfully unless the army is provided with all the supplies required in war. I therefore think of moving back my camp early to-morrow morning to Agua Nueva, three leagues distant, to provide myself with some necessaries that must have arrived at the hacienda of Incarnacion; and if I succeed in obtaining those necessaries, and relieve myself of the incumbrance of the wounded, I will return to the charge, in spite of my own wound, which has re-opened in consequence of being continually on horseback twelve hours of each day."

OUR LOSS AT BUENA VISTA.

Gen. Taylor's official despatches state that the total loss of our army at the battle of Buena Vista in killed, wounded and missing, was seven hundred and forty, exclusive of the loss of the Kentucky cavalry. The National Intelligencer is informed on the authority of an officer who was present, and who left Saltillo in the beginning of last month that the Kentucky cavalry lost in the action sixty one men, viz: twenty-nine killed, and thirty-two wounded—which would make our aggregate loss eight hundred and one, or nearly one-sixth of the whole force engaged.

ARMY ITEMS.

The Washington Union of Saturday states that a note addressed by Assistant Adjutant Bliss, from Gen. Taylor's army, mentions the fact that the General received two balls during the battle; one passed through the cuff of the coat, the other through the front.

Maj Coffee states that he heard nothing of the "Foreign Legion" in Santa Anna's army, but he mentions that two deserters from us were made prisoners by our army, and Gen. Taylor sent them both back to the enemy. They were foreigners.

Of the prisoners we took from the Mexicans none were of a higher rank than one of Gen. Torrejon's aids; but we took enough to get back all the party of Majs. Gaines and Borland—officers and men.

Santa Anna anticipated an easy victory. His army was told that the Americans had an abundance of provisions and lots of money, and that they must enter Saltillo on the day of the battle, and take their supper at our expense.

Santa Anna had twice during the battle to interpose his lancers to prevent desertion, and they shot down some fifty at each time, before he could prevent the flight of his infantry.

Col. Yell, the gallant and popular gentleman and officer, was killed in a charge on the Mexican Lancers, with twelve of his regiment, the rest having given way.

The steamers Enterprise and Panola, both in government service, have been snagged and sunk, the Enterprise above and the Panola below Reynosa. The engine and machinery of both boats will be saved—the hulls, it is said, cannot be raised.

Out of a force of less than 800 men in the Kentucky regiment, one hundred and sixty-three, or nearly one-fourth, fell on the bloody field of Buena Vista. Never, since the bloody slaughter at the River Raisin, has Kentucky had to mourn so many of her sons, of the very flower of her youth, cut off in the bloom of manhood.

The force of Santa Anna in the battle of Buena Vista was composed of 13,000 infantry, 6,000 cavalry, and 2,000 artillery and sappers—Total, 21,000.

The Picayune says that Gen. Taylor fought the battle of Buena Vista against the advice of the officers next in command.

It is feared that the wound of Col. Jefferson Davis may prove fatal.

CONDITION OF MEXICO.

Affairs appear to be in the greatest confusion in the city of Mexico. The last accounts state that the revolution against the present government, though it had not yet succeeded, as was at first reported, was evidently making headway. The streets of Mexico have been made the scene of struggles between hostile bodies of the soldiery. This attempt at revolution has no doubt been instigated by the Priests, who are indignant at the late attempt to confiscate their property. It is now reported that there is a coalition between them and Santa Anna, and that they have sent him two hundred thousand dollars, as an earnest of their determination to support him.

In connection with this new attempt at revolution, Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, tells the following strange story:—

"A strange story is in circulation in relation to the last revolution, which has been termed the *pronunciamento de los Mugeres*, [Declaration of the Women.] As the tale runs, it is said that the Priests have enjoined upon all married women to forsake their husbands for a space—to deny them all marital privileges until they would promise to join the church party and use their influence in opposing the obnoxious laws sequestering or hypothecating the property of the clergy. This story is told, with all seriousness, and may be true. The holy padres certainly deserve credit for their originality, if they have thus attempted to work upon the men through their wives."

OUR FORCE IN THE GULF.

There are now in the service of the Government, forty-six ships, twenty-four barques, fifty-six brigs and eleven steamers. These, added to the vessels of war, make one hundred and sixty-four vessels, employed directly or indirectly, in the reduction of the City of Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa—not, perhaps, inappropriately termed the Gibraltar of the New World—and is the largest naval force ever put forth by the United States.

FROM SANTA FE.

It was rumored at Glasgow, Missouri, on the 18th of March, that Capt. Reid's Company from Saline, and a Company from Boone, had been cut off by the Mexicans near Santa Fe. Though this comes in no official shape, it was generally credited.

NOBLE ACT.

A Mexican physician, residing in Camargo, says the Flag, has received a letter from a surgeon at Saltillo, dated two days after the battle, which states that Gen. Taylor permitted Gen. Santa Anna to have all his wounded conveyed into Saltillo and tendered him surgical aid from his own army.

SMALLPOX.

Several men of the 1st Pennsylvania volunteers, were attacked by the small pox while at Lobos, and were left on the island, with a detachment sufficient for their protection. The disease is said to be quite light.

Foreign News.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival at New York of the packet ship Northumberland, from London, and the Columbia, from Liverpool, we have advices from both those cities to the 6th ult.—two days later than those received by the Hibernia.

The Cotton Market remains unchanged.

The Money Market is easy.

The price of Corn is rising.

A full reconciliation has taken place between M. Guizot and Lord Normanby.

There is a small misunderstanding between Turkey and Greece.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, the Minister of the Interior presented a bill granting the sum of *four millions of francs in aid of the public charitable institutions of the kingdom, in consequence of the high price of provision.*

A good deal of interest is felt in Paris as to the modification of the duties on cotton and iron, which it is understood to be the intention of the French Government to introduce about the end of the present month. At present, manufactured cottons are entirely prohibited in France, but it is understood their introduction will be allowed at a duty of from 25 to 30 per cent. on the valuation.

This duty is of itself so enormous that it will amount pretty nearly to a complete prohibition, but still it is understood that it will be vigorously opposed by the manufacturers who at present enjoy the monopoly. The duty upon Iron is at present twenty per cent. and it is understood that the Minister intends to propose its reduction to ten per cent.

A postscript to our Paris letter contains the following:—

"M. Guizot has just received an invitation to dinner, for Tuesday, the 16th instant, from Lord and Lady Normanby. Thus the reconciliation is complete, for M. Guizot will reply to-morrow to the English Ambassador that he cordially accepts the invitation."

London Corn Market, March 5.—At this day's market there was again a good demand for English Wheat at an advance of fully 2s per quarter, and a good extent of business transacted in Foreign, at a like improvement, the French buyers increasing their purchases. An inquiry made by several Belgian houses. Flour is 1s per bbl dearer. Indian Corn and Meal is in active request for Ireland at improving rates. A large arrival of Foreign Oats has further depressed this article 1s to 1s and 6d per quarter, and no more confidence shown by buyers. Barley is steady, and no change in the value of other grain.

Liverpool Corn Market, March 5.—Supplies continue small, owing to contrary winds. This day's market has been very quiet, and no alteration can be noticed in the price of any article except American Flour, for which an advance of 6d per bbl has been paid.

Political Intelligence

THE LICENSE QUESTION.

Butler County.—The returns from this county on the license question, exhibit a majority of 731 in favor of the sale of liquor.

Allegheny County.—This county has given a majority of 3,164 against the sale of liquor.

Crawford.—This county has given a majority of 363 for the sale of liquor.

Delaware.—This county has given 377 majority against the sale of liquor.

Erie County has decided by a majority of 233 in favor of the sale of liquor.

Washington County has decided by a vote of 947 against the sale of liquor.

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

The Whigs have elected their Governor, the four members of Congress, and a majority of both branches of the Legislature. So says the Tribune, which contains returns from nearly the whole State.

Miscellaneous.

Love Matches.—How many a love match has been spoiled by the misspelling of a single word, or the bad turning of a single phrase in the first letter of the heroine! How many a heart-sick lover has been cured, in a country walk, by seeing the awkwardness and want of elegance with which the adored one has got over a stile! But it is endless to enumerate instances—a look, a laugh, a remark, a gesture, a pimple, a freckle, may do the business.

Sons of Temperance.—There are one hundred and eighty divisions of the Sons of Temperance in the State of Ohio, and the number is rapidly increasing. The whole number of contributing members is 6,562.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R. Smith, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, and Frederick J. Hawse.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the Southern and South-Western States assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, Theodore F. Blake, T. S. Waterman, Reuben A. Henry, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer and John W. Wightman*, the two last named in place of R. B. Henry, deceased.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA

The New Orleans Delta having had an interview with Major Coffee, of the Army, who brought over General Taylor's despatches, and acted as the Aid of Gen. Taylor in the bloody fight at Buena Vista, gives these particulars of this hard fought battle:—

General Taylor had fallen in love, at first sight, with the position at which he finally made his stand—at Buena Vista. His movement towards Agua Nueva was merely a ruse to decoy the enemy into the field which he had selected for his battle ground. As soon as McCulloch's men, who were invaluable as scouts, informed him of Santa Anna's approach to Agua Nueva, Gen. Taylor quietly broke up his camp, and fell back to his first love—Buena Vista. This position was admirably chosen. It was at the foot of a mountain, or rather of two mountains, between which ran the road through a narrow valley. On his right there was a deep ravine, which protected that flank more effectually than half a dozen regiments could have done. The left of Gen. Taylor's line rested on the base of a mountain. The road in the centre was intrenched and defended by a strong battery. In front the ground was uneven—broken into hills and deep ravines—well adapted to the mode of fighting suited to our volunteers, and by its peculiarities supplying the disadvantage of a great inferiority of numbers.

On the 21st the enemy were descried approaching over the distant hills. At their appearance the volunteers raised a great shout, and gave their …

… a mile off, but produced no very great terror in the mind of the Kentuckian. His blind was taken off, and he found himself in the presence of the famous Mexican Chief, surrounded by a brilliant Staff of bedizened, gilded, and moustached officers. Santa Anna apologized to the Lieutenant for the act of his officers, in having him blind-folded, saying, that so far from having any desire to conceal his situation, he was desirous of exhibiting to Gen. Taylor the utter folly of resisting so powerful an army as he had under his command. To which the Lieutenant replied, that his simple message was to demand his (Santa Anna's) immediate surrender to Gen. Taylor. When this extraordinary demand was translated to the Mexican, he raised his hands and eyebrows in utter astonishment at the temerity and presumption of such a message, and replied that he would expect Gen. Taylor to surrender in an hour or he would destroy all his forces. Lieut. Crittenden's reply, which we have already given—"*Gen. Taylor never surrenders!*"—terminated the interview, and the battle recommenced, and was continued until night.

Santa Anna took three small pieces of our artillery, which, under Lieut. O'Brien, had been posted too far in advance to be covered by our infantry. All the gunners were shot down, and when the guns were captured there was not a soldier left to man them. One of these pieces was an old Texan six-pounder, which, during the Texan Revolution, had done good execution among the Mexican ranks. As to the flags he boasts of having taken, they are very probably mere company markers, which were dropped on the field and picked up by the valiant Mexicans. His Excellency of the War Department, to whom Santa Anna has sent these trophies, will no doubt be sorely disappointed in the size, texture, and beauty of these standards. Mexican pride is easily satisfied when such feeble mementoes of their prowess and valor as these console them for so inglorious a defeat.

All the officers on our side, in this hard-fought battle, distinguished themselves. The details of the battle were confided to Gen. Wool, who nobly justified the confidence of his commander and brother-veteran, by the most active, zealous, efficient and gallant conduct. Throughout the whole action he was constantly engaged in the disposition of our forces, and in rallying them to the onset. It was a miracle that he escaped the thick-flying balls which thinned the ranks he was marshalling. There was but one complaint made against him, and that was, that he exposed himself too much. Brig. Gen. Lane, also, showed himself to be a brave and capable officer. Although wounded early in the action, he kept his horse until it closed, and never for a moment left his post.

The old General-in-Chief remained at his original and much exposed position, superintending the battle and narrowly watching its events. An escopette ball passed through his overcoat—that same old brown, so familiar to all the officers and men who have ever been under his command, and which has seen several campaigns in Florida, in Texas, and in …

Local Intelligence.

DARING ROBBERY.

The Germantown Telegraph gives the particulars of a most daring and impudent robbery at the mansion of J. C. Kempton, in School-House Lane, about seven miles from this city.

It appears that on the evening of March 22d, between eight and nine o'clock, three men made their appearance at the barn of Mr. Kempton, where they found the coachman; and while one of them went in to talk with him, the others remained outside, ready to go to his assistance whenever the time should arrive. After certain inquiries as to getting employment, &c., the coachman was seized; but being a pretty courageous man, he prostrated his assailant by a well-directed blow. This brought in the others, one of whom thrust a pistol into his face and threatened his life, while the other seized his arms and tied him. He was then led to the house, and made to divulge the number of persons about it, &c., &c. Mr. Kempton was found in the dining room, dozing in a chair, and when the men entered, thinking them some of the family, took no notice of them; and even after the arms of one of the burglars had been thrown around him from the back of the chair, he thought it was a playful act of a neighbor; but he was speedily undeceived when the tying operation commenced, and he saw three painted villains around him displaying cocked pistols, dirks, &c. Mr. K. was then locked up in a large closet in the hall. The two servant girls in the house at the time, were up stairs—one of whom coming down to see what was the matter, was seized, tied and thrust into another closet; the other getting an inkling of what was going on, by a private stairs, ran back into the nursery to the children, locked the door, and was unmolested. In the meantime, the hired man of a neighbor, bringing a supply of butter and milk for the family, knocked at the door, and was answered by the possessors of the house seizing him also, tying him, and thrusting him into the closet with the girl.

Being thus left free to proceed with their operations, they ransacked every place likely to contain portable property of value—took plate, spoons, jewelry, two watches, one from Mr. K.'s pocket, and another from the coachman's. While securing Mr. Kempton, they kept up a sort of conversation with him; told him that that was the mode they adopted to equalize property; that they had seen that afternoon Mr. Kempton and Mr. Smith riding along the Ridge Road; and to a question put by Mr. Kempton, as to where they were from, they replied from the penitentiary. While putting Mr. K. into the closet, they asked him whether he was ever in Moyamensing before, &c.

One of the villains has been arrested, being recognized by Mr. Kempton; and the officers think they are upon the track of the others. It is seldom …

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As the Farming Interest is a most important one, we are careful never to omit anything in the Post that would prove of interest to our Agricultural subscribers—and, every week, at least a column of our paper is filled with the best matter that can be selected from the various Agricultural Journals.

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Much care is taken to collect for the readers of the Post the latest and most important intelligence upon all subjects of public interest. Domestic, Foreign, Congressional, and other News will ever be furnished as speedily as possible.

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Beautiful Poem.

THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD. A NEW ENGLAND LEGEND.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Doth the bells, and cold the frost—
Cease the holidays, gone the Priest!
All is cosy—all is done,
Twain of yesterday are one!

Heated within, and hushed without,
Dancing feet and wrestling shout;
Dies the bonfire on the hill;
All is dark and all is still,
Save the starlight, rare the breeze,
Morning through the pyramid trees;
And the great sea-wolves below
Pulse of the midnight, hoarse and slow.

Yet the hall dreams of a bride
The bath weakened, at his side.
With half uttered shriek and stare—
Faith she not his trusting heart?
And the presence of his arm,
And his tawny tame and warm?

Lightly from the bridal bed
Springs that fair disheveled head,
And a loving, new, intense
Half of shame, half innocence,
Massive four and wonder, speaks
Through her lips and changing cheeks

From the stolen mantel glowing
Fainter light the lamp is throwing
On the mirror's antique mould,
High-backed chair, and wainscot old,
And, through faded curtains entering,
His dark sleeping face crowning.

Listless lies the strong man there,
Silver stranded his curchless hair;
Lape of love have left an trace,
On that hard and hero face;
And that forehead's knitted thought
Love's soft hand hath not smoothed.

"Yet," she sighs, "he loves me well,
More than these calm lips will tell.
Stooping to my lowly state,
He hath made me rich and great,
And I think that, though he be
Hard and stern to all save me."

While she speaketh falls the light
Of her fair fingers small and white,
Gold and gem, and costly ring
Back the timid lustre flung—
Love's selective gifts and vows,
His proud hand hath fastened there.

Gradually she marks the glow
From those tapering lines of snow;
Faintly o'er the sleeper breaking
His black hair with golden blending,
In her soft and light caress,
Cheek and lip together press.

Ha!—that onset of horror!—Why
That swift stare and wilder cry,
Full of shame and fear and pain?
Is there madness in her brain?
Hark! that ghastly, broken word
"Types unfit—for I—am not my lord!"

God have mercy!—Icy cold
Spectral hands her ears enfold,
Shutting silently from her
Love's fair gifts of gold and gem,
"Wicked! now his!" still at fresh
At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone,
And the loved hand withdrawn;
But the brave a manner love,
Full of sweetness, full of scorn,
Half a sigh, and half a moan.
"Fear not! time shall heal her even!"

Ah!—the dead wife's voice she knows!
That cold hand whose pressure frees,
Leaves to memory one bad love
Gone and hand her own hath worn.
"Wake then! wake then!" Lo, his eyes
Open with a dull surprise.

In his arms the strong man folds her
Closer to his breast he holds her;
Trembling limbs his own are meeting,
And he feels her heart's quick beating:
"Nay, my dearest, why this fear?"
"Hush!" she saith, "the dead is here!"

"Nay, a dream—an idle dream."
But before the lamp's pale gleam
Tremblingly her hand she raises,—
There no more the diamond blazes,
Clasp of pearl or ring of gold,—
"Ah!" she sighs, "her hand was cold!"

Broken words of cheer he utters,
But his dark lip quivereth,
And o'er the Past he thinketh,
From his young wife's arms he shrinketh.
Can those soft arms recoil from he,
Underneath her self-control?
She her fair young head can rear,
Soothed and child like on his breast,
And in tender innocence
Draw new strength and courage thence.
He the proud man, feels within
But the cowardice of Sin!

She can murmur in her thought
Simple prayers, her mother taught,
And His blessed angels call,
Whose pure forms o'ersee all;
He, alone, as prayerless pride,
Shrew the Ark Past at her side!

One, who lying almost dead,
From his look or word or tread,
Once wisest her early grave
Was so freedom to the slave,
Morose him to this midnight hour,
With the dead's unconscious power!

Ah, the dead, the unforgot!
From their solemn homes of thought,
Where the cypress shadows bend
Darkly over fen and friend,
Or in low or mad wisdom,
Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest vows and wrathiest,
Who their wrongs have borne the meekest,
Lifting from those dark still places,
Present soul and consciousness face,
O'er the guilty hearts behind
An unwitting triumph find.

The Lecturer.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

BY DOCTOR BAIRD.

[The Rev. Robert Baird, who has recently returned from another European tour, lectured at Washington Hall before an exceedingly crowded audience. The spacious hall was filled to a jam, and many stood for want of room. The lecturer was introductory to a course to be delivered on subjects of interest. We have never given such a sketch of it as an intensely heated somebody-else, with absence of fire out of doors and the noise of boys unaccustomed running on the entire would permit.—*National Advertiser.*]

There are sixty-four different Powers and Principalities, each having its own government, but not all entirely independent of each other. There are thirty-three monarchies. (Poland among them, and it is not true that her nationality has been annihilated; she has her own viceroy police.) four Principalities; thirty three Duchies, twenty-nine of them Germanic, and four Republics; and four Papacies. The kingdoms have each their own government, but depend at a measure on each other. Of the independent Principalities, twelve have constitutions of their own; of the Principalities not one has a constitution; and twenty-four of the German Duchies have. The legislatures of these have two branches, similar to ours. None have the measure of political liberty that we have, but far more than they formerly had; even to some degree in Italy, American and French Revolutions. The Republics have constitutional liberty.

Sixty years ago England and Sweden were the only kingdoms, and Holland and Switzerland the only Republics: the vast change since has been going on entirely advancing—that people generally are aware. The countries which now have constitutional liberty are twelve viz: England, Sweden, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, Spain, Greece, Hanover, Saxony, Wurtemburg, Bavaria, Greece. Eight are without constitutional liberty, viz: Denmark, Prussia, Russia, Austria, those in Italy and Turkey. These have no constitutional liberty—no written compact. The government of Prussia is under more liberality administered than the others. The present King is the most philanthropic, the most easy to approach and the most docile of all his contemporaries. He makes his Ministers his fellows, and allows more liberty to the press than any of his neighbors. The Austrian land up a paper published at Berlin, the capital, which was stopped by the censor in Poland, and part a colonies aboracted by a black spot to prevent its being read on account, probably, of some reflection against the Russian government. He supposed a machine by which an article could be black-balled in a moment.

Some of the Dukes hold great power; nearly equal to some of the Kingdoms, and others very little: their legislatures were something like ours, and the southern worthy young lawyers, who received a per diem of $3.50, probably more than they could make at the law.

Of Louis Philippe he said not a word in France knew his whole worth when he was ejected; though chosen because he was a good fellow, and a worldly monarch suited. He had five sons and three daughters. The oldest was the late Duke D'Orleans, whose death was a signal of running evil; no other person could take his place. The next son, the Duke D'Aumale, minor, is haughty and fond of military life; the Prince de Joinville was more ambitious, and the youngest (the Duke de Montpensier, now married) was only twenty-two years old. The second daughter, Marie, now dead, was very accomplished, and engaged most of her time at the palace in sculpture.

The King belongs to a long lived race, and may live for many years, but when he dies every one dies for many years, but when he dies every one will maintain peace as far as he can.

Dr. B. related the circumstance of his first interview with Louis Philippe. The Ladies and Maids of Honor were assembled in a table answering the articles of their own make to almost every Fair for charitable purposes, where they commend high prices. While talking with them about him, the King spoke in the most agreeable manner of this country and the cities he had visited, and asked particularly about them. The Queen was surrounded by five daughters in law, all looking like Scotsmen ladies, having dark complexions, fine eyes, &c. The appearance of the fact that a large family circle were feelingly illustrated by several private incidents. The family all chat till nine o'clock, when the Duchess D'Orleans rose from the room with the King accompanying her from the room, with all the kindness a father can do; nothing can exceed the affectionate feeling existing among them.

The King of Prussia is not much inferior to Louis Philippe. Baron Humboldt, who is almost worshipped by the King, was the first one of the oldest Sovereigns in the world. He was educated in private, and was very much a self made man. His public career he has not done so well much now, but he keeps up a familiar daily intercourse with the Baron Humboldt. He is in his fifty second year. Bettina, in fact, and of a florid countenance.

The Emperor of Russia is two years younger than the King of Prussia, and became Emperor of Russia while very young, unexpectedly to himself. He has no interest for reading while governing sixty-five millions of people, but he is the ablest and best ruler Russia has had since Peter the Great, though it will not say that he is as good as he might be. He is one of the finest-looking men in the world, and appears to have been born to command. He had a light complexion, long blue eyes, and a face more German than Russian. He has great decision of character and is exceedingly attached to his family. He is a kind man. I know that he daily reads his Bible, and prays at times, having occasionally great distress of mind; but I will not represent him as a man of unimpeachable religious character, though he is a man whom all would delight to honor. He has four sons, the eldest of whom will be next a better educated than his father, and his accession to the throne is looked to with much interest. They are all remarkable for personal bravery.

The next Sovereign in point of talent is the King of Sweden, who was born in France and is much better qualified to be a writer, when governed well, but with less strong a hand. He rose from a soldier of the ranks to be Marshal of France and then the King of Sweden. He is also stated to be an writer man; and he applies himself to public business and is unbecomingly popular.

The King of Sweden is a man of fine talents but wants decision of character and firmness. He is haughty and unpopular, and, it is feared, intemperate.

The King of Saxony is plain and simple in his manners, and has fine talents.

The Sultan of Turkey has more mind than is generally supposed, and governs Turkey better than has been the case for a day, though a poor man under thirty. He entertains friendly feelings towards the United States, and the policy and conduct of our minister there (Mr. Carr) is eminently calculated to conciliate his respect and confidence. Dr. Davis of South Carolina, is employed by the Sultan in introducing the use of fire arms, and the Sultanness is also promotive of great good in this way.

Probably the worst of all European Sovereigns is the King of Naples. He is a man of no mind and pig face. The King of Prussia is the most serious and religious. Of the nineteen queens, five are decidedly religious—those of Saxony, Prussia, Denmark, and Wurtemberg, and there is not one against whose private life I have ever heard a syllable. That was not the case in former ages. The Queen, also, generally have good private characters, though some few of them are doubtless bad men.

In manners, and appearance, all the European Sovereigns are exceedingly simple and plain there is nothing like pride in their appearance. They dress very plain, and she had several times been in people with us, though on great occasions they of course make a grand display. In being introduced in private it was no more formality than with other gentlemen, but public presentations are very different. In England the ceremony is required than on the continent, and intercourse with the Royal circle is therefore far more unpleasant. The Queen understands the theory and the practice of Honor, and each person is presented by an officer, or some of the ladies, and after a word or two you pass on and another takes your place. A gentleman is presented with gloves on, but on the continent they are generally used. On the continent the person standing between, each country in a position according to the length of time its Ambassador has been there, and the King enters the room and walks round familiarly conversing a little with each person.

As to the prospects of Europe every body feels that a crisis is coming. The present state of things cannot last long, but where the revolution will be begun is not so clear. Prussia is looked to, however, at this time with intense interest. If the King gives the people a proper constitution, it will be quiet there; if not, there will be trouble and discontent. Many fear revolutions in Germany, and if a movement does commence there, no one can tell where it will end. The people must and will have good constitutional governments. Education is doing a great deal for them. The next great war in Europe will be for Constitutional Liberty.

STRENGTH OF THE HUMAN FRAME.

One of the most remarkable and inexplicable expenditures of muscular power ever known in the human frame is that in which a heavy man may be raised with the greatest facility when he is taken up by the instant that his arms are stretched out perpendicularly, who raise him are inflated with air. The heaviest person in the party lies down upon two chairs his head being supported by one and his heels by the other. Four persons, one at each leg and at each shoulder, then try to raise him, and had his weight been only great than the collective force of the persons in supporting him. When he is replaced in the chair, each of the four persons takes hold of his fingers of the person next to him, and they give two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal he himself and his four bearers begin to draw a long full breath, and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given for raising the person from the chair. To his own surprise and that of his friends, he rises with the greatest facility, as if he were no heavier than a feather—sometimes, when one of the bearers has not performed his part, by making the inhaling out of time, the part of the body which he tries to raise is held back. The experiment was performed at Venice, by sustaining the heaviest man in the party on the points of the fingers of six persons. It is stated that the experiment will not succeed if the person lifted be placed on a board, and the strength of the individuals applied to the board.—*Encyclopedia of the D. Brewster's Natural Magic.*

Dr. Jackson and Miller.—When Dr. Johnson had finished the copy of his Dictionary, which had wearied Miller, the bookseller, exceedingly, the latter said with delivering such a load of paper:

"Andrew Miller sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him."

The doctor sent the following brief reply

"Samuel Johnson presents his compliments to Andrew Miller: he has received his note, and is happy to find that Andrew Miller has the grace to thank God for anything."

The Lutheny.—On Saturday before last, at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Dr. Warren applied the actual cautery to an old man laboring under paralysis. An iron rod heated to a white heat was run, to the length of about two feet, up and down the back, each side of the spine—burning two lines on one side and one on the other, and then caused it sig sag across, between the spinous process causes, the same distance. *The patient, during this process, was wholly unconscious of pain.*

Scenes in Mexico.

A MEXICAN SAINT.

[We have had on our table for some days a letter from a friend at Monterey, a description of an house of a saint at that place, for which we have in vain endeavored to find room during the late pressure on our columns. The narrative is perfectly interesting, both in its incidents and reflections. The reader will understand that it is written by a Protestant, and that the saint was, in other minded, calculating Yankees. The letter was written before the recent victories gained over Mexico by the invasion of the Mexican border. Our friend has written us that the 'lone excitement has quite dispelled that romance of the neighborhood. But to the letter.—*New Orleans Picayune.*]

Camargo, Mexico, *February* 20, 1847.

My dear Sire.—Have you seen the Saint?" That question is the only salutation you get in this place. Men pass rapidly along, casting wild glances to the right and left; while crowds of women are going to and fro, their heads wrapped up in their rebozos, and their eyes swimming in tears; and every acquaintance you meet salutes you with, "Have you seen the Saint?"

This quiet little place was thrown into utter confusion yesterday evening, about 5 o'clock, by the announcement of the fact that a large and splendid time approaching the town, and in a few moments every one in our midst. Crowds of people ran out through the road in the direction the Saint was expected, while horsemen were galloping from every direction. My house was suddenly taken, and by full speed in a gilly. About a half mile from town I saw in the road, a mass of people—right between me and the coach. She then stated to her black umbrella, borne by two women, and held over a third, who was dressed in black, and had a black shawl over her head, and a veil over her face. It is impossible to describe to you the scene. Old men, with their heads uncovered and upturned eyes, priests crossing themselves; old women, whom they couldn't tell why) and young mothers rushing, as though perfectly frantic, into the midst of the crowd, bearing in their arms their little children in order to press them to the bosom of the Saint as she passed. I learned that the excitement was such it was compelled to halt by the arrival of others, pressing through to the centre and kissing the hand of the Saint, and then to rush back again through the streets to the house where she now dwells, both sides were lined with men, women and children, while the hall and the yard were crowded, some kneeling—had their heads uncovered. She finally arrived at the house—where we will have her for a week. I learn that she has had a hard day's march, until I give you a portion of her history—as they forgot to mention her when speaking of the distinguished visitors who have been and raised in this house. Several years since she was forced by her parents to marry against her own consent. She has been in bad health ever since—her husband's harsh treatment was the alleged cause. A short time since she, with her husband, removed to a ranche, near the town of Linares, about thirty miles from here. Some few days since *she died and remained dead six hours*; again returned to life, and when discovered was sitting up in bed with a golden candlestick in one hand and a goblet in the other, and was apparently conversing with an invisible agent. She then stated to her family that she had died, gone to the other world and stood face to face with our Saviour and St. Joseph, that they told her, they pitied her griefs and directed her to return to earth and assume the sanctity tabernacle of the possessed before, therefore she came here. During the conversation with her friends her forehead and face appeared full of brilliant stars. The priest at Linares was sent for, and he it is said, with many others, have given her strong certificates, certifying to her Sainthship, &c.; and also that she is now in possession of gold and rosaries, and that from a piece of dough she produced blood, which she declared was the blood of our Saviour, and also that the priest had made use of a handkerchief, and the drop cannot be wiped out from the white dish or plate upon which it fell in the dough, which is very fair evidence. Besides the Priest here, and to-day the Alcades and the Padre are engaged in examining written and oral testimony of the house of the Saint. I shall endeavor to send you a copy of their report.

She frequently directs her room to be freed from the presence of intruders, "in order that she may converse with St. Joseph." In the first conversation she had, the spirit told her to write certain prayers, which in a very fair writing she did, and send you a copy, but, from its being translated literally word for word, I fear the sense is much impaired. This morning she sent word to the poor little family who were three miles from here that she had been in the other world and seen many of their relatives, and she had several little things for the family here. And these people all believe it and "won't do nothing else" I can assure you there is no decision of the authorities to the Saint, what will they do with her? and if she is not a saint, they can't make her one. She declares it is having her a saint they have manufactured a very good looking woman. She is above the ordinary height, has the Italian and Spanish cast of features, fine head and arm are rather large. This I presume was a wise provision, for those she could not conquer and subdue with her charms in the form, complexion, the expression of her face rather handsome; beautiful black eyes and hair, and is only twenty-two years of age. So, if she is not a "young saint," she is not an "old sinner." Her dresses in white, with a rich necklace of gold beads around her neck, from the centre of which is suspended a cross, and over her head is thrown a light thin gauze handkerchief, striped with white and black. She is a native of Monterey, and left her tiny feet upon a stool, tempting all who pass to stop and worship.

I will write you another note should I hear "anything deep." Yours, truly.

COPY OF THE VERSES WHICH THE INVISIBLE SPIRIT TOLD HER TO WRITE:

At the beautiful portals
Of the eleventh heavenly which we pass
To view, reposing upon flowers,
My lord and master—Saint Joseph.
Happy is the moment
When I refer to him!
Other can reach, we
Powerful content.
If there set the happy one
Who, transcending in my pains,
And all visions, are now
Crowning around me, till
Me, then, if I shall pass
Through these elegant portals.
I ask them if they
Possess such great wisdom!
If thou art a virgin at this time?
Then they will say to me
Then, tell me who believest
Most in the mysteries of the
Faith of our Lord and
Master Saint Joseph—
That he shall be my leader.
Tell me with great fervor
Whenever may exist in the church
Devoid of mortal sin.
Who is unconquered, all powerful
And beloved, that all should adore
When we come to be
Saved from all sorrow and sin,
We will appear most beautiful,
Full of grace and beauty,
When he shall descend
From glory to repose
On flowers of my
Who is that lady
Under with a flood of tears,
That has become a martyr
For a treacherous love?
In whom have we hath
We the most tender wisher
We the crown of martyrdom
If you have a thought upon
Her, you will be lost—Saint Joseph.

This is verbatim the translation. Now this could not have been written by an uneducated Mexican woman. And you will observe the apparent connection—(as I tell you this translation without transposition, as I preferred giving it to you in that shape than to have it recently fer-mod, as the case place where she writes, "by the side of the portals of the church, where she is looking at the figure of St. Joseph and the Saint." And then her exclamation of herself and others, to know whether she can enter the church—she must sin no more and must be a virgin. "They are devoted to Saint Joseph (as in this country.) Then, if she fulfils the conditions, she is authorized to tell "who believes most in the mysteries," &c., and upon this I presume she bases her authority of something.

The "martyr for a treacherous crime," no doubt, alludes to herself, as I learn her husband was jealous of her—foolish man. But the last verse—that's got me. I turn that over to you, and I acknowledge the corn. But not a bit of sense can I make of it, for I think she is crazy, or else it is some scheme of the priests, they are up to all sorts of devilry.

Choice Selections.

ESSAY ON SHOES.

For upwards of twenty years, as a bootmaker, I have made the feet my study, and during that period many thousand pairs of feet have received my attention. I have observed with much care the rest from the antique as well as the modern "human form," and am obliged to admit that much of the pain I have witnessed, much of the distortion of the toes, the excess on the top of the feet, the lesions on the side, the inflammation, corns, and the growing in of the nails between, are attributable to the inventions of the boot and shoe maker's treatment, might be set free from disease and pain in the hands; their structure and adaptation to the means and comfort of man would be almost perfect. Thirty-six bones and thirty-six joints have been given by the Creator to form one of those masterpieces, the human foot, which so confines his beautiful arrangement of nine hundred and forty-four bones and joints—together with muscles, elastic cartilage, lubricating oily fluid, veins and arteries—into a pair of shoes or boots, which, instead of protecting from injury, produce the most painful as well as permanent results.

A last fitted up to the length and width may do, or it may not. It may be by chance or fail, but necessity it is not. Nothing of the kind. If it is made over thirty miles from town. Some few days since *she died and remained dead six hours*; again returned to life, and when discovered was sitting up in bed with a golden candlestick in one hand and a goblet in the other, and was apparently conversing with an invisible agent. She then stated to her family that she had died, gone to the other world and stood face to face with our Saviour and St. Joseph, that they told her, they pitied her griefs and directed her to return to earth and assume the sanctity tabernacle of the possessed before, therefore she came here. During the conversation with her friends her forehead and face appeared full of brilliant stars. The priest at Arjuana was sent for, and he it is said, with many others, have given her strong certificates, certifying to her Sainthship, &c.; and also that she is now in possession of gold and rosaries, and that from a piece of dough she produced blood, which she declared was the blood of our Saviour, and also that the priest had made use of a handkerchief, and the drop cannot be wiped out from the white dish or plate upon which it fell in the dough, which is very fair evidence. Besides the Priest here, and to-day the Alcades and the Padre are engaged in examining written and oral testimony of the house of the Saint. I shall endeavor to send you a copy of their report.

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PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

The pride of birth and descent, in some of the old countries, has given rise to such eccentric and ridiculous fancies, that we cannot help laughing at the old dons of the days of the Incas, that in spite of their starch and dignity. A man in those ages was just nothing at all, unless he could trace his pedigree through the farm. Every great-grand-father, back to some old legendary prince or fabulous scamp of a warrior. One of these old worthies (the Duke of Medina) was so accustomed to expend his puny ego Adam, "because he had no ancestors?" Another, it is said, while boasting of the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom. "Aye," said the nobleman, "how can you pray?" Why," replied the other "when I was in Wales a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me, if filled above five large skins of parchment, and used the whole day to read a note in the margin—*about this time the world was created.*" The Welsh are a great people for church. Devoid of mortal sin.

Who is unconquered, all powerful
And beloved, that all should adore
When we come to be
Saved from all sorrow and sin,
We will appear most beautiful,
Full of grace and beauty,
When he shall descend
From glory to repose
On flowers of my
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Under with a flood of tears,
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In whom have we hath
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A PLEASANT PARLOR INMATE.

Miss Fuller, in her last letter communicated from Europe to the Tribune, tells the story of a fine horse, mentions having become acquainted with Dr. Southwood Smith, the well-known philanthropist.

"On visiting him," says the lady, "we saw an object which I had often heard calculated, and had myself often imagined in the same room that he had actually seen, stuffed out to an exact resemblance of life, and with a portrait mask on wax, the head I am told, is a tragic. They are destined by Dr. Smith for his own entertainment of his guests and companion of his studies. The figure leans a little forward, resting the hands on a stout stick which Bentham always carried, and had named 'Dapple.' The attitude is quite easy; the expression of the whole mild, winning, yet highly intellectual.

"It is well known that Bentham, in order to oppose in the most convincing manner the prejudice against dissection of the human subject, willed his body to the surgeons, and on a codicil, subsequently written, made a final bequest of his skeleton to his friend Dr. Smith."

Choice Selections.

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FLOWERS FOR THE HEART.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Flowers! winter flowers!—the child is dead,
The mother cannot speak!
Oh, softly reach its little head,
Or Mary's heart will break!
Amid these curls of flaxen hair
This pale pink children,
And on the little bosom there
Place this rose bud of care.
How like a form in cold white stone,
The coffined infant lies!
Look, mother, look on your one!
And tears will fill thine eyes.
His coarse sweet voice—hush! hear the groans,
More deadly pale and still!
Flowers! oh, flowers! a winter rose,
That they hand to fill.
Go, search the fields! the lakes wet,
Beside a far distant hill,
Beneath the lovely lingers yet
The scarlet pimpernel.
Forgo not a snow-drop in the borer,
Where nurse from the spring,
A cherry? Ah! bring children's flower!
The half blown daisy bring!
Yet, lay the baby's little head
Beside the little check!
Oh, hasten! for dead of fire is dead!
The children cannot speak!

Humorous Poem.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

FROM THE WASHINGTON

It was a Moorish maiden was sitting by a well,
And when the maiden thought of I, (name, cannot tell,
When by there rode a valiant knight for the town of Oviedo.
Alphonso Norman was the knight, the Count of Dunparede.

"Oh, maiden, Moorish maiden! why sit'st thou by the spring?
Say, dost thou seek a lover, or any other thing?
Why gazest thou upon me with those large and wide,
And wherefore dash the pitcher in broken by thy side?"

"I do not seek a lover, then Christian knight, so gay,
Because no arrow in the bush can never come by me,
And why I gaze upon you, I cannot, cannot tell,
Except that you are handsome, and you look handsome well

"My pitcher it is broken, and this the reason is:
A shepherd came behind me and trod in steal a kiss,
He would not stand for answer—one such in the centre of the sane, and three-fourths of an inch above; put
My uncle, the Alcayde, he wears for me at home,
Is the line of battle he will be thin; let them be
Will not be so much tension on the bow; which causes
Not be so much tension on the bow; which causes
Not be so much tension on the gudgeon, consequently
friction, wear, and bearing: if there were bands or
Each end, to receive the pivot ends of the axle, no lengthiness in the bands.

M. W. PHILIPS.

Leonard's Depot. Mass

Fun and Frolic.

AN ORIGINAL.

We left Gonzales, thirty in number, on the 11th ult., for Monterey, via San Antonia, and near a pretty village, called Seguin, I was taken ill with an odd fish enjoying a Colonel's commission. He has a strange habit of using the longest words, and invariably misapplying them, for instance, (he wished to tell us some lots.) "Boy here, gentlemen, if you wish to make fortunes; here's the location for a manufactory of cotton, or at the foot of navigation. Next year I'll put up a lawyer's dame, a pothecary'd dome, and a blacksmith's institution. Now, gentlemen, I'll show you a specimen of the folks from the circum jasper counties will send in their hogs and girls of both sexes to be McAdamized." The Welsh are a great people for church. a mention-house, and the stores and taverns will spring up as course. I can't do this till next year, cos I hav'nt got hard cash enough, but I'll have nothing to do with the darned bank bills. Do you see that well? I'll put a pump-handle into it, and as an aesthetic to the same through all the meandering and turpentine walks in my sass-garden, and the effects of the arrogance will be such, that the very air will be polluted with the odoriferous exercations protruding from the flowers. I'll put up a digestion in the middle of the town square for folk to store the milk and butter, &c., and then run a condition through my house and gouvroon it off, but I'll run up a cool spring house, and broke out the front entrance manner of pure Fadd—" Why you stupid scoundrel, did you not know if you put the two logic together that you would get a fool?" " Ah' sure, please your honor, I didn't it at all at all, and never thought that they would get married, seeing they were engaged to fight the same side."—*New Orleans Bulletin.*

The Retreat Surgical.—At a late examination of the college of surgeons, a candidate was asked by Abernethy what he would do if a man was blown up by gunpowder?

"Why," easily answered the tyro, "wait till he came down again."

"True," said Abernethy, "and suppose I kicked you for such an impertinent reply, what muscles should I put in motion?"

"Why," replied the young man, "the flexors and extensors of my arm, for I should floor you directly."

Independence.—The other day a backman was sitting on his coach-box, in front of the General Post Office at Washington city, when Richard Fahnbaum's chaise-boy came up. The British Minister's driver desired the backman to clear the track. A controversy ensued, when the indignant American exclaimed, "No, sir-ee, I pay corporation taxes—I have a right here. You accord Congress out of half of Oregon, but darn you, you are not going to scare me."

A New Dress.—Mr. Gustalincious, I have discovered a new dress for you, suppose you try a little." "Well, I don't care if I do," (drinks.) "It hasn't got a very bad taste to it, and if my memory serves me right, it is what they call water. I am silent drinking some when I was a lad."

Medal Dresses of a Newsboy.—One of the most edifying things in life is to see a large, corpulent and very dignified old gentleman remonstrating with an 18th member in having any hand in retailing papers containing Army intelligence of doubtful authority.

We heard such a dialogue yesterday.

"Another Bloody Battle," cried the lad.

"I say you lie," said the old gentleman with some severity, 'it's a mere rumor!"

"No taint; it's the Boston Times."

"No matter, sirrah; it is impossible that you can be so lost to a sense of right as not to see the wrong of selling this contradictory stuff. Now, my good boy, if you have any money—" and we left the old gentleman explaining to the wondering, grinning newsboy how the different statements conflicted. We are happy to say that he has made quite another boy of him.—*Boston Bee.*

The War.—The troublesome war with Mexico monopolizes all kindred themes of interest. We know of no old lady, no intelligent one at least, or papers, who complains that "somehow or other she don't enjoy her members' of a morning say news," the papers, but that it gives the whole news of all kinds in the bulletins from the army!

Agricultural.

COTTON-GIN STANDS.

FROM THE AGRICULTURIST.

A few years ago, I thought of testing the relative merits of cotton gin stands. I took from the pile I had been ginning a small parcel of seed cotton; also a sample from the pick room. The first I ginned on my ginning primer, which had some small fast teeth, and cards that pass with sufficient velocity to clean each tooth. I sent to an excellent judge, a commission merchant in Baltimore, who was also in New Orleans, samples of each for examination. I then went to work, raised my grates so as to give fewer teeth to the inch in the portion, to make them pass in parallel with the grates, I decreased my speed by diminishing the whirl on the brush, and increased my speed by the drum on the saw cylinder, and ran it to work. This was the labor of my own hands, the consequence of which was, that I have sold cotton and fifty cents per pound higher than others who had ginned me before.

I will give the figures. My driver on the old gin had 6 inches in circumference, the whirl that gives motion to the brush, I cut down to eight inches, thus giving my brush over six revolutions to one of the saw cylinder, and my speed I reduced to two hundred and twenty revolutions to the minute, and my brush had over twelve hundred revolutions.

A gin-stand should be run very steadily, and very regularly, with a gin-hand seven or eight inches wide at least. *Keep it well oiled with sweet fine oil and tallow mixed, to prevent slipping.* This will be worth the subscription of your paper ten times told, to many young planters. The agricultural papers are still adhered to the tradition and superstitions of their ancestors with such tenacity, that the word "Pagan," which literally signifies the inhabitants of the rural districts, became a generic name for all classes of idolaters. In the higher ranks, the Christians were chiefly found among the officers of State and the ministers of the imperial court, who were for the most part unconnected with the patrician order, and owed their elevation either to their military services, or to imperial favor. The old patrician families, who affected to trace their descent to the great aristocratic houses of the ancient republic—the "Gentiles," as they loved to call themselves—adhered to paganism; one such in the centre of the sane, and three-fourths of an inch above; put bristles their along the wings, into small holes, so as to be inclined a little at the top, let them be stiff, about one inch long, make sixteen arms, and if no dead air created by speed, give the brush six or seven hundred revolutions a minute, and if you can save about two hundred revolutions on a minute, and I think a sixty saw gin, in clean cotton and that has no leaf, will result pressed having been thoroughly dried before putting up, will run a bale and a half bales of four hundred pounds each. As Mr. Abbey says, "the brush is the soul of the machine," without one inch long, whose action saves